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THE

MICELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

Dr. GOLDSMITH.

CONTAINING ALL HIS

ESSAYS and POEMS.

PRINTED AT *BROOKFIELD*, MASSACHUSETTS,
BY I. THOMAS *and* E. H. WALDO,
For THOMAS and ANDREWS, in BOSTON. Sold by them, and by said THOMAS, in WORCESTER.

1795.

PREFACE.

THE following Eſſays have already appeared at different times, and in different publications. The pamphlets in which they were inſerted being generally unſucceſsful, theſe ſhared the common fate, without aſſiſting the bookſeller's aims, or extending the writer's reputation. The publick was too ſtrenuouſly employed with their own follies, to be aſſiduous in eſtimating mine; ſo that many of my beſt attempts in this way, have fallen victims to the tranſient topicks of the times, the Ghoſt in Cocklane, or the ſiege of Tyconderoga.

But though they have paſſed pretty ſilently in the world, I can by no means complain of their circulation. The magazines and papers of the day have, indeed, been liberal enough in this reſpect. Moſt of theſe Eſſays have been regularly reprinted two or three times a year, and conveyed to the publick through the channel of ſome engaging compilation. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have ſeen ſome of my labours ſixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have ſeen them flouriſhed at the beginning with praiſe, and ſigned at the end with the names of Philantos, Philalethes, Philaleutheros and Philanthropos. The gentlemen have kindly ſtood ſponſors to my productions, and to flatter me more, have always paſſed them as their own.

It is time, however, at laſt, to vindicate my claims; and as theſe entertainers of the publick, as they call themſelves, have partly lived upon me for ſome years, let me now try if I cannot live a little upon myſelf. I would deſire, in this caſe, to imitate that fat man whom I have ſomewhere heard of in a ſhipwreck, who, when the ſailors, preſt by famine, were taking ſlices from his poſteriors to ſatisfy their hunger, inſiſted with great juſtice on having the firſt cut for himſelf.

Yet, after all, I cannot be angry with any who take it into their heads to think that whatever I write is worth reprinting, particularly when I conſider how great a majority will think it ſcarce worth reading. Trifling and ſuperficial, as terms of reproach that are eaſily objected, and that carry an air of penetration in the obſerver. Theſe faults have been objected to the following Eſſays; and it muſt be owned, in ſome meaſure, that the charge is true. However, I could have made them more metaphyſical, had I thought fit; but I would aſk, whether, in a ſhort eſſay, it is not neceſſary to be ſuperficial? Before we have prepared to enter into the depths of a ſubject, in the uſual forms, we have got to the bottom of our ſcanty page, and thus loſe the honours of a victory by too tedious a preparation for the combat.

There is another fault in this collection of trifles, which I fear will not be ſo eaſily pardoned. It will be alledged, that the humour of them (if any be found) is ſtale and hackneyed. This may be true enough, as matters now ſtand; but I may with great truth aſſert, that the humour was new when I wrote it. Since that time, indeed, many of the topicks which were firſt ſtarted here, have been hunted down, and many of the thoughts blown upon. In fact, theſe Eſſays were conſidered as quietly laid in the grave of oblivion; and our modern compilers, like ſextons and executioners, think it their undoubted right to pillage the dead.

However, whatever right I have to complain of the publick, they can, as yet, have no juſt reaſon to complain of me. If I have written dull Eſ-

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says, they have hitherto treated them as dull Essays. Thus far we are at least upon a par; and until they think fit to make me their humble debtor by praise, I am resolved not to lose a single inch for my self importance. Instead, therefore, of attemping to establish credit amongst them, it will perhaps be wiser to apply to some more distant correspondent; and as my drafts are in some danger of being protested at home, it may not be imprudent, upon this occasion, to draw my bills upon posterity. "Mr. Posterity—Sir, nine hundred and ninety nine years after "sight hereof, pay the bearer, or order, a thousand pounds worth of "praise, free from all deductions whatsoever, it being a commodity "that will then be very serviceable to him, and place it to the account "of, &c."

ESSAYS.

ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease, and effects good humour. In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer finds himself. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour is turned to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, I am at a loss whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. Should I modestly decline all merit, it is too propable the hasty reader may take me at my word. If on the other hand, like labourers in the Magazine trade, I humbly presume to promise an epitome of all the good things that were ever said or written, those readers I most desire to please may forsake me.

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My bookſeller, in this dilemma, perceiving my embarraſſment, inſtantly offered his aſſiſtance and advice: "You muſt know, Sir," ſays he, "that the republick of letters is at preſent "divided into ſeveral claſſes: One writer excels "at a plan, or a title page; another works "away the body of the book; and a third is a "dab at an index. Thus, a Magazine is not "the reſult of any ſingle man's induſtry; but "goes through as many hands as a pin, "before it is fit for the publick. I fancy, Sir," continues he, "I can provide an eminent "hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up "a promiſing plan to ſmooth up our readers a "little, and pay them, as Colonel Charteries "paid his ſeraglio, at the rate of three half "pence in hand, and three ſhillings more in "promiſes."

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline, by aſſuring him, that as I intended to purſue no fixed method, ſo it was impoſſible to form any regular plan: Determined never to be tedious in order to be logical, wherever pleaſure preſented, I was reſolved to follow.

It will be improper, therefore, to pall the reader's curioſity, by leſſening his ſurpriſe; or anticipate any pleaſure I am able to procure him, by ſaying what ſhall come next. Happy, could any effort of mine but ſuppreſs one criminal pleaſure, or but for a moment fill up an interval of anxiety; how gladly would I lead

mankind

mankind from the vain prospect of life, to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity!

But, whatever may be the merit of his intentions, every writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character which has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to a happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a serjeant, and the other an excise man. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming table, may be received with perfect indifference, should it happen to drop in a mackarel boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, where men of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer, who designs his performances for readers of more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, What can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who with persuasive

eloquence

eloquence promiſes four pages extraordinary of letter preſs, or two beautiful prints curiouſly coloured from nature.

Thus, then, though I cannot promiſe as much entertainment or as much elegance as others have done, yet the reader may be aſſured he ſhall have as much of both as I can. He ſhall, at leaſt, find me alive while I ſtudy his entertainment; for I ſolemnly aſſure him, I was never yet poſſeſſed of the ſecret of writing and ſleeping.

During the courſe of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have are heartily at his ſervice; which if, after ſo candid confeſſion, he ſhould, notwithſtanding, ſtill find intolerably dull, or low, or ſad ſtuff, this I proteſt is more than I know. I have a clear conſcience, and am entirely out of the ſecret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the peruſal of a ſingle paper, pronounce me incorrigible: he may try a ſecond, which, as there is a ſtudied difference in ſubject and ſtyle, may be more ſuited to his taſte. If this alſo fails, I muſt refer him to a third, or even a fourth, in caſe of extremity. If he ſhould ſtill continue refractory, and find me dull to the laſt, I muſt inform him, with Bays in the Rehearſal, that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and deſire no more of his acquaintance. But ſtill if my readers, impute the general tenor of my ſubject to me as a fault, I muſt beg leave to tell him a ſtory.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, found himſelf in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excreſcence depending from the chin: A

deformity

deformity which, as it was epidemick, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon them as the greatest beauty. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins; and no men were beaux whose faces were not broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday; a country church was at hand; and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed upon the stranger: But what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin! Stifled bursts of laughter, winks and whispers, circulated from visage to visage: The prismatick figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gaity. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object of deformity to point at. "Good folks," said he, "I perceive "that I am a very ridiculous figure here; but "I assure you, I am reckoned no way deformed "at HOME."

ESSAY

ESSAY II.

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

TAKEN FROM A BYZANTINE HISTORIAN.

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, ſtill continued the ſeat of learning, politeneſs and wiſdom. Theodoric, the Oſtrogoth, repaired the ſchools which barbarity was ſuffering to fall into decay, and continued thoſe penſions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow ſtudents together. The one the moſt ſubtle reaſoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the moſt eloquent ſpeaker in the academick grove. Mutual admiration ſoon begot a friendſhip. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two moſt celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this ſtate of harmony they lived for ſome time together, when Alcander, after paſſing the firſt part of youth in the indolence of philoſophy, thought at length of entering into the buſy world; and, as a ſtep previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquiſite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being

ing conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happineſs, or being unable to enjoy any ſatisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow ſtudent; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himſelf equally happy in friendſhip and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no ſooner ſaw her, but he was ſmitten with an involuntary paſſion; and though he uſed every effort to ſuppreſs deſires at once ſo imprudent and unjuſt, the emotions of his mind in a ſhort time became ſo ſtrong, that they brought on a fever, which the phyſicians judged incurable.

During this illneſs, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondneſs, and brought his miſtreſs to join in thoſe amiable offices of friendſhip. The ſagacity of the phyſicians, by theſe means, ſoon diſcovered, that the cauſe of their patient's diſorder was love; and Alcander being appriſed of their diſcovery, at length extorted a confeſſion from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to deſcribe the conflict between love and friendſhip in the breaſt of Alcander on this occaſion: It is enough to ſay, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at ſuch refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to exceſs. In ſhort, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman.

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They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the conſtitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and ſet out with his fair partner for Rome. Here by an exertion of thoſe talents which he was ſo eminently poſſeſſed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the higheſt degnities of the ſtate, and was conſtituted the city judge, or prætor.

In the mean time, Alcander not only felt the pain of being ſeparated from his friend and his miſtreſs, but a proſecution was alſo commenced againſt him by the relations of Hypatia, for having baſely given up his bride, as was ſuggeſted, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withſtand the influence of a powerful party. He was caſt and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raiſe ſo large a ſum at the time appointed, his poſſeſſions were confiſcated, he himſelf was ſtripped of the habit of freedom, expoſed as a ſlave in the market place, and ſold to the higheſt bidder.

A merchant of Thrace being his purchaſer, Alcander, with ſome other companions of diſtreſs, was carried into the region of deſolation and ſterility. His ſtated employment was, to follow the herds of an imperious maſter; and his ſucceſs in hunting was all that was allowed him to ſupply his precarious ſubſiſtence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine

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or toil, and every change of ſeaſon ſerved butt o aggravate his unſheltered diſtreſs. After ſome years of bondage, however, an opportunity of eſcaping offered; he embraced it with ardor; ſo that, travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to ſhorten a long ſtory, he had at laſt arrived at Rome. The ſame day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius ſat adminiſtering juſtice in the forum, whether our wanderer came expecting to be inſtantly known and publickly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he ſtood the whole day amongſt the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was ſo much altered by a long ſucceſſion of hardſhips, that he continued unnoticed among the reſt; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulſed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himſelf under a neceſſity of ſeeking a place to lie in, and yet new not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour ſo much wretchedneſs; and ſleeping in the ſtreets might be attended with interruption or danger: In ſhort, he was obliged to take up his lodgings in one of the tombs without the city, the uſual retreat of guilt, poverty and deſpair. In this manſion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miſeries for a while in ſleep; and found on his flinty couch, more eaſe than beds of down can ſupply to the guilty. As

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but, happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood, at the entrance. In these circumstances, he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further inquiry; an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander was apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus lowering with resolution he was dragged bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon diverted by another object. The Robber who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panick, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared; but

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the ſullen raſhneſs of his conduct remained a wonder to the ſurrounding multitude: But their aſtoniſhment was ſtill further increaſed, when they ſaw their judge ſtart from his tribunal, to embrace the ſuppoſed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the ſequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; ſhared the friendſhip and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happineſs and eaſe; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that no circumſtances are ſo deſperate which Providence may not relieve.

ESSAY III.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I paſſed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling ſome pain in thinking that thoſe happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature ſeemed capable of affording pleaſure. I then made no refinements on happineſs, but could be pleaſed with the moſt awkward efforts of ruſtick mirth; thought croſs purpoſes the higheſt ſtretch of human wit, and queſtions and commands the moſt rational way of ſpending the evening. Happy, could ſo charming an alluſion ſtill continue! I find that age and knowledge only

contribute

contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag, who imitated a quaker's sermon. The musick of the finger of the finest dissonance, to what I felt when our old dairy maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show, that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures in a procession; some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night fall, and condemned to this for life: Yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! an happy constitution supplied philosophy; and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had

had contributed to diſenchant the fairy land around him. Every thing furniſhed him with an opportunity of mirth; and though ſome thought him, from his inſenſibility, a fool, he was ſuch an idiot as philoſophers ſhould wiſh to imitate; for all philoſophy is only forcing the trade of happineſs, when nature ſeems to deny the means.

They who, like our ſlave, can place themſelves on that ſide of the world in which every thing appears in a pleaſing light, will find ſomething in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The moſt calamitous events, either to themſelves or others, can bring no other affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the buſtle of heroiſm, or the rants of ambition ſerve only to heighten the abſurdity of the ſcene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in ſhort, as little anguiſh at their own diſtreſs or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dreſſed in black, feels ſorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz poſſeſſed this happineſs of temper in the higheſt degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and deſpiſed all that wore the pedantick appearance of philoſophy, wherever pleaſure was to be ſold, he was generally foremoſt to raiſe the auction. Being an univerſal admirer of the fair ſex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favoura-

ble reception. If ſhe too rejected his addreſſes, he never thought of retiring into deſerts, or pining in hopeleſs diſtreſs. He purſuaded himſelf, that, inſtead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her; and ſo all was well again. When fortune wore her angrieſt look, and he at laſt fell into the power of his moſt deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, (being confined a cloſe priſoner in the caſtle of Valenciennes) he never attempted to ſupport his diſtreſs by wiſdom or philoſophy, for he pretended to neither: He only laughed at himſelf and his perſecutor, and ſeemed infinitely pleaſed at his new ſituation. In this manſion of diſtreſs, though ſecluded from his friends, though denied all the amuſements, and even the conveniences of life, he ſtill retained his good humour; laughed at all the little ſpite of his enemies; and carried the jeſt ſo far as to be revenged by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that the wiſdom of the proud can teach, is, to be ſtubborn or ſullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will inſtruct us to be merry in circumſtances of the higheſt affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be conſtrued by others into inſenſibility, or even idiotiſm; it is happineſs to ourſelves; and none but a fool would meaſure his ſatisfaction by what the world thinks of it. For my own part, I never paſs by one of our priſons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is ſtill going forward among thoſe people who forget the

cares

cares of the world, by being ſhut out from its ambition.

The happieſt ſilly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of thoſe good natured creatures that are ſaid to do no harm to any but themſelves. Whenever he fell into any miſery, he uſually called it ſeeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a ſharper, he comforted himſelf by imitating the Hybernian dialect of the one, or the more faſhionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiſs to him. His inattention to money matters had incenſed his father to ſuch a degree, that all the interceſſion of friends in his favour was fruitleſs. The old gentleman was on his death bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him,——"I leave my ſecond ſon, Andrew," ſaid the expiring miſer, "my whole eſtate, and deſire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a ſorrowful tone, as is uſual on theſe occaſions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life, and health to enjoy it himſelf. "I recommend Si-"mon, my third ſon, to the care of his eldeſt "brother, and leave him, beſides, four thouſand "pounds." "Ah! father, cried Simon, (in great affliction to be ſure) "may Heaven give "you life and health to enjoy it yourſelf." At laſt, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you "have always been a ſad dog; you'll never come "to good; you'll never be rich: I'll leave you "a ſhilling to buy a halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven "give you life and health to enjoy it yourſelf."

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This was all the trouble the loſs of fortune gave this thoughtleſs imprudent creature. However, the tenderneſs of an uncle recompenſed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only exceſſively good humoured, but completely rich.

Yes, let the world cry out a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the publick which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who ſmiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or the lady who keeps her good humour in ſpite of ſcandal; but ſuch is the wiſeſt behaviour that any of us can poſſibly aſſure: It is certainly a better way to oppoſe calamity by diſſipation, than to take up the arms of reaſon or reſolution to oppoſe it. By the firſt method, we forget our miſeries; by the laſt, we only conceal them from others. By ſtruggling with misfortunes, we are ſure to receive ſome wounds in the conflict; but a ſure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

ESSAY IV.

I REMEMBER to have read in ſome philoſopher, (I believe in Tom Brown's works) that, let a man's character, ſentiments, or complexion, be what they will, he can find company in London to match them. If he be ſplenetick he may every day meet companions on the

ſeats

ſeats in St. James's Park, with whoſe groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be paſſionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's coffee houſe, and damn the nation, becauſe it keeps him from ſtarving. If he be phlegmatick, he may ſit in ſilence at the Humdrum club in Ivy Lane; and if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moorfields either at Bedlam or the foundary ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But, although ſuch as have a knowledge of the town, may eaſily claſs themſelves with tempers congenial to their own; a countryman who comes to live in London, finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myſelf, none ever tried with more aſſiduity, or came off with ſuch indifferent ſucceſs. I ſpent one whole ſeaſon in the ſearch, during which time, my name has been enrolled in ſocieties, lodges, convocations, and meetings, without number. To ſome I was introduced by a friend, to others invited by an advertiſement; to theſe I introduced myſelf, and to thoſe I changed my name to gain admittance. In ſhort, no coquette was ever more ſolicitous to match her ribbons to her complexion, than I to ſuit my club to my temper; for I was too obſtinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The firſt club I entered upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely ſuited to my taſte: I was a lover of mirth good humour, and even ſometimes of fun from my childhood. As

As no other paſſport was requiſite but the payment of two ſhillings at the door, I introduced myſelf, without further ceremony, to the members, who were already aſſembled, and had, for ſome time, begun upon buſineſs. The Grand, with a mallet in his hand, preſided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making uſe of all my ſkill in phyſiognomy, in order to diſcover that ſuperiority of genius in men, who had taken a title ſo ſuperior to the reſt of mankind. I expected to ſee the lines of every face marked with ſtrong thinking; but though I had ſome ſkill in this ſcience, I could for my life diſcover nothing but a pert ſimper, fat, or profound ſtupidity.

My ſpeculations were ſoon interrupted by the Grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a ſong. It was, upon this, whiſpered by one of the company who ſet next me, that I ſhould now ſee ſomething touched off to a nicety, for Mr. Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to excuſe himſelf; for as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impoſſible to go through the part properly without a crown, and chains. His excuſes were overruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The preſident ordered up the jack chain, and inſtead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain, and ſhook his head, to the great delight of the whole compa-

ny,

ny, he began his ſong. As I have heard few young fellows offer to ſing in company that did not expoſe themſelves, it was no great diſappointment to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number; however, not to ſeem an odd fiſh, I roſe from my ſeat in rapture, cried out Bravo! Encore! and ſlapped the table as loud as any of the reſt.

The gentleman who ſat next me, ſeemed highly pleaſed with my taſte, and the ardor of my approbation; and whiſpering, told me, that I had ſuffered an immenſe loſs; for had I come a few minutes ſooner, I might have heard Geeho Dobbin ſung in a tiptop manner, by the pimple noſed ſpirit at the preſident's right elbow; but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expreſſing my uneaſineſs at this diſappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more rough than the Staffordſhire giant, was giving us "The ſoftly ſweet, in Lydian meaſure," of Alexander's Feaſt. After a ſhort pauſe of admiration, to this ſucceeded a Welſh dialogue, with the humours of Teague and Taffy: After that came on old Jackſon, with a ſtory between every ſtanza: Next was ſung the Duſt-cart, and then Solomon's Song. The glaſs began now to circulate pretty freely; thoſe who were ſilent when ſober, would now be heard in their turn: Every man had his ſong, and he ſaw no reaſon why he ſhould not be heard as well as any of the reſt. One begged to be heard while he gave death and the lady in high taſte: An-

other

other ſung to a plate, which he kept trundling on the edges. Nothing was now heard but ſinging: Voice roſe above voice, till the whole became one univerſal ſhout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drank out. Rebelais calls the moment in which a reckoning is mentioned, the moſt melancholy of our lives: Never was ſo much noiſe ſo quickly quelled, as by this ſhort but pathetick oration of our landlord. Drank out! was echoed in a tone of diſcontent round the table. Drank out already! that was very odd! that ſo much punch could be drank out already! impoſſible! the landlord, however, ſeeming reſolved not to retract from his firſt aſſurances, the company was diſſolved, and a preſident choſen for the night enſuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining ſome time after of the entertainment I have been deſcribing, propoſed to bring me to the club that he frequented; which, he fancied, would ſuit the gravity of my temper exactly. "We have at the Muzzy Club," ſays he, "no "riotous mirth nor awkward ribaldry; no con- "fuſion or bawling; all is conducted with wiſ- "dom and decency: Beſides ſome of our mem- "bers are worth forty thouſand pounds: Men "of prudence and foreſight every one of them: "Theſe are the proper acquaintance, and to ſuch "I will to night introduce you." I was charmed at the propoſal: To be acquainted with men worth forty thouſand pounds, and to talk wiſdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend, not indeed to the company; for though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity of the scene before me: The members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society, thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other, pregnant with meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth. Every time the pipe was laid down, I expected it was to speak; but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, (for to this I imputed their silence) I rubbed my hands, and looking as wise as possible, observed, that the nights began to grow a little cooliſh at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore, I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me: To whom I observed that the beer was extreme good: My neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me, by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks.—"Ay," says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a "pleasant story about that—hem—very well; "you must know—but, before I begin—Sir, "my service to you—where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of Harmonical Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is four pence each; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations are requisite, except the introductory four pence and my landlord's good word, which as he gains by it he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his club night; we discussed the topick of the day, drank each other's healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellowsmender hoped Mr. Currycombmaker had not caught cold going home the last club night; and he returned the compliment, by hoping that young Mr. Bellowsmender had got well of the chin cough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while the bug man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord with whom he could

could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at the other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the Ghoſt in Cocklane: He had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to ſome that ſat next him who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbings was diſputing on the old ſubject of religion with a Jew a pedlar over the table, while the preſident in vain knocked down Mr. Leatherſides for a ſong. Beſides the combinations of theſe voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were ſeveral others playing under parts by themſelves, and endeavouring to faſten on ſome luckleſs neighbour's ear, who was himſelf bent upon the ſame deſign againſt ſome other.

We have often heard of the ſpeech of a corporation and this induced me to tranſcribe a ſpeech of this club, taken in ſhort hand, word for word, as it was ſpoken by every member of the company. It may be neceſſary to obſerve, that the man who told of the ghoſt had the loudeſt voice, and the longeſt ſtory to tell, ſo that his continuing narrative filled every chaſm in the converſation.

"So, Sir, d'ye perceive me, the ghoſt giving three loud raps at the bed poſt—Says my lord to me, my dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth for whom I have ſo high—A damnable falſe heretical opinion of all ſound doctrine and good learning; for I'll tell it aloud, and ſpare not that—Silence

for

for a ſong; Mr. Leatherſides for a ſong—"As I was walking upon the highway, I met a young damſel"—Then what brings you here? ſays the perſon to the ghoſt—Sanconiathan, Manetho, and Beroſus—The whole way from Iſlington turnpike to Doghouſe bar—Dam—As for Abel Drugger, Sir, he's dam'd low in it; my 'prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he—For murder will out one time or another; and none but a ghoſt, you kno , gentlemen, can—Damme if I don't: For my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliament man, a man of conſequence, a dear honeſt creature, to be ſure: We were laughing laſt night at—Death and damnation upon all his poſterity, by ſimply barely taſting—Sour grapes as the fox ſaid once when he could not reach them: And I'll, I'll tell you a ſtory about that, that will make you burſt your ſides with laughing: A fox once—Will nobody liſten to the ſong—'As I 'was a walking upon the highway, I met a young 'damſel both buxom and gay'—No ghoſt gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghoſt killed in all my life, and that was ſtabbed in the belly with a—My blood and ſoul if I don't—Mr. Bellowſmender, I have the honour of drinking your very good health—Blaſt me if I do—damn—blood—bugs—fire—whiz—blid—tit—rat—trip——The reſt all riot, nonſenſe, and rapid confuſion.

Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but alas! I have been a fool myſelf; and why

ſhould

ſhould I be angry with them for being ſomething ſo natural to every child of humanity?

Fatigued with this ſociety, I was introduced the following night, to a club of faſhion. On taking my place, found the converſation ſufficiently eaſy, and tolerably good natured; for my Lord and Sir Paul were not yet arrived. I now thought myſelf completely fitted, and, reſolving to ſeek no further, determined to take up my reſidence here for the winter; while my temper began to open inſenſibly to the cheerfulneſs I ſaw diffuſed on every face in the room: But the deluſion ſoon vaniſhed, when the waiter came to apprize us, that his Lordſhip and Sir Paul had juſt arrived.

From this moment all our felicity was at an end; our new gueſts buſtled into the room, and took their ſeats at the head of the table. Adieu now all confidence: Every creature ſtrove who ſhould moſt recommend himſelf to our members of diſtinction. Each ſeemed quite regardleſs of pleaſing any but our new gueſts: And, what before wore the appearance of friendſhip, was now turned into rivalry.

Yet I could not obſerve, that, amidſt all this flattery and obſequious attention, our great men took any notice of the reſt of the company. Their whole diſcourſe was addreſſed to each other. Sir Paul told his Lordſhip a long ſtory of Moravia the Jew; and his Lordſhip gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing ſilk worms: He led him, and conſequently the reſt of the company, through

all the ſtages of feeding, ſunning, and hatching; with an epiſode on mulberry trees, a digreſſion upon graſs ſeeds, and a long parentheſis about his new poſtillion. In this manner we travelled on, wiſhing every ſtory to be the laſt; but all in vain,

"Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps aroſe."

The laſt club in which I was enrolled a member, was a ſociety of moral philoſophers, as they called themſelves, who aſſembled twice a week in order to ſhow the abſurdity of the preſent mode of religion, and eſtabliſh a new one in its ſtead.

I found the members very warmly diſputing when I arrived; not indeed about religion or ethicks, but about who had neglected to lay down his preliminary ſixpence upon entering the room. The preſident ſwore that he had laid his own down, and ſo ſwore all the company.

During this conteſt, I had an opportunity of obſerving the laws and alſo the members of the ſociety. The preſident, who had been, as I was told lately a bankrupt, was a tall pale figure, with a long black wig: The next to him was dreſſed in a large white wig and a black cravat; a third by the brownneſs of his complexion, ſeemed a native of Jamaica; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a blackſmith. But their rules will give the moſt juſt idea of their learning and principles.

I. We being a laudable ſociety of moral philoſophers, intend to diſpute twice a week about religion

religion and prieſtcraft; leaving behind us old wives' tales, and following good learning and ſound ſenſe: And if ſo be, that any other perſons has a mind to be of the ſociety, they ſhall be entitled ſo to do, upon paying the ſum of three ſhillings, to be ſpent by the company in punch.

II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting three pence, to be ſpent by the company in punch.

III. That as members are ſometimes apt to go away without paying, every perſon ſhall pay ſix pence upon his entering the room; and all diſputes ſhall be ſettled by a majority; and all fines ſhall be paid in punch.

IV. That ſix pence ſhall be every night given to the preſident, in order to buy books of learning for the good of the ſociety: The preſident has already put himſelf to a good deal of expenſe in buying books for the club; particularly the works of Tully, Socrates and Cicero, which we will ſoon read to the ſociety.

V. All them who brings a new argument againſt religion, and who, being a philoſopher and a man of learning, as the reſt of us is, ſhall be admitted to the freedom of the ſociety, upon paying ſix pence only to be ſpent in punch.

VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting, it ſhall be adverti[illegible] by ſome outlandiſh name in the newſpapers.

SAUNDERS MAC WILD, Preſident.
ANTHONY BLEWIT, Vice Preſident.
his ‡ mark.
WILLIAM TURPIN, Secretary.

ESSAY

ESSAY V.

IT is uſually ſaid by grammarians, that the uſe of language is to expreſs our wants and deſires; but men who know the world, hold, and I think with ſome ſhew of reaſon, that he who beſt knows how to keep his neceſſities private, is the moſt likely perſon to have them redreſſed; and that the true uſe of ſpeech is not ſo much to expreſs our wants, as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, there appears ſomething ſo attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the ſmaller: and the poor find as much pleaſure in increaſing the enormous maſs of the rich, as the miſer, who owns it, ſees happineſs in its increaſe. Nor is there in this any thing repugnant to the laws of morality. Seneca himſelf allows, that in conferring benefits the preſent ſhould always be ſuited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus, the rich receive large preſents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling ſtations are obliged to be content with preſents, ſomething leſs; while the beggar, who may be truly ſaid to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmeſt ſolicitations.

Every man who has ſeen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expreſſion is, muſt have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and muſt know, that to have much, or to ſeem to have it, is the only way to have

have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it ſinks, the greater is that weight it is obliged to ſuſtain. Thus when a man's circumſtances are ſuch that he has no occaſion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but, ſhould his wants be ſuch that he ſues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be truſted with the ſmalleſt ſum.

A certain young fellow whom I knew, whenever he had occaſion to aſk his friend a guinea, uſed to prelude his requeſt as if he wanted two hundred; and talked ſo familiar of large ſums, that none could ever think he wanted a ſmall one. The ſame gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a ſuit of clothes, always made the propoſal in a laced coat; for he found by experience, that if he appeared ſhabby on theſe occaſions, his taylor had taken an oath againſt truſting; or what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home for ſome time.

There can be no inducements to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by theſe means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in ſuch circumſtances, he ſhould firſt conſider whether he is contented to looſe the eſteem of the perſon he ſolicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendſhip to excite compaſſion. Pity and friendſhip are paſſions incompatible with each other; and it is impoſſible that both can reſide in any breaſt, for the ſmalleſt ſpace, without impairing each other. Friendſhip is made

up

up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt; the mind may for some time, fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.

In fact, pity, though it may often relieve, is but at best a short lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than a transitory assistance: With some, it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others, it may continue for twice that space; and on some of extraordinary sensibility, I have seen it operate for half an hour together. But still, last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects: And where, from this motive, we give five farthings, from others, we give pounds. Whatever be our feelings from the first impulse of distress, when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility; and like the repetition of an echo, every stroke becomes weaker; till at last our sensations lose all mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

These speculations bring to my mind the fate of a very good natured fellow, who is now no more. He was bred in a counting house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him a handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which my friend had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence; and from such considerations he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had ready money, were ready to offer him

their

their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. My friend, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife; and therefore modestly declined their proposal.

Some errors, however, in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought him to a different way of thinking: And he at last considered, that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when perhaps he knew those offers would have been refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused, he requested the use of an hundred guineas for a few days as he had just then had occasion for money. "And pray Sir," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?" "Want it, Sir," says the other, "if I did not "want it, I should not have asked it." "I am "sorry for that," says the friend, "for those who "want money when they borrow, will always "want money when they should come to pay. "To say the truth, Sir, money is money now; "and I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the "sea, for my part; he that has got a little, is a "fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed,

dreſſed, received his propoſal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendſhip. "Let me ſee, you want an hundred "guineas; and pray dear Jack, would not fifty "anſwer?" "If you have but fifty to ſpare, Sir, "I muſt be contented." "Fifty to ſpare! I do "not ſay that, for I believe I have but twenty "about me." "Then I muſt borrow the other "thirty from ſome other friend." "And pray," replied the friend, "would it not be the beſt "way to borrow the whole money from that "other friend, and then one note will ſerve for "all, you know? You know, my dear Sir, that "you need make no ceremony with me at "any time; you know I'm your friend; and "when you chooſe a bit of dinner, or ſo—You "Tom, ſee the gentleman down—You won't "forget to dine with us now and then—Your "humble ſervant."

Diſtreſſed but not diſcouraged at this treatment, he was at laſt reſolved to find that aſſiſtance from love, which he could not have from friendſhip. A young lady a diſtant relation by the mother's ſide, had her fortune in her own hands; and as ſhe had already made all the advances that her ſex's modeſty would permit, he made his propoſal with confidence. He ſoon, however, perceived that no bankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every

Every day now began to ſtrip my poor friend of his former finery. His clothes flew, piece by piece, to the pawnbroker's: And he ſeemed at length equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But ſtill he thought himſelf ſecure from actual neceſſity: The numberleſs invitations he had received to dine, even after his loſſes, were yet unanſwered: He was therefore now reſolved to accept of a dinner becauſe he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week, without being openly affronted. The laſt place I ſaw him in, was at a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, juſt nicked the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was lying. He took a chair without being deſired, and talked for ſome time without being attended to. He aſſured the company, that nothing procured ſo good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on and praiſed the figure of the damaſk table cloth; talked of a feaſt where he had been the day before, but that the veniſon was overdone: But all this procured him no invitation. Finding therefore the gentleman of the houſe inſenſible to all his fetches, he thought proper at laſt to retire, and mend his appetite by a ſecond walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace; whether in Kent ſtreet or the Mall; whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's, might I be permitted to adviſe as a friend, never ſeem to want the favour which you ſolicit. Apply to every paſſion but hu-

man pity for redreſs: You may find permanent relief from vanity, from ſelf intereſt, or from avarice, but from compaſſion never. The very eloquence of a poor man is diſguſting; and that mouth which is opened even by wiſdom, is ſeldom expected to cloſe without the horrors of a petition.

To ward off the gripe of poverty, you muſt pretend to be a ſtranger to her, and ſhe will at leaſt uſe you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porrenger of peas ſoup and potatoes, praiſe the wholeſomeneſs of your frugal repaſt: You may obſerve, that Dr. Cheyne has preſcribed peas broth for the gravel: Hint that you are not one of thoſe who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a ſlimſy ſtuff in the midſt of winter, be the firſt to remark, that ſtuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found ſome irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of ſitting croſs legged, coaxing, or derning, ſay, that neither you nor Sampſon Gideon were ever very fond of dreſs. If you be a philoſopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the taylors you chooſe to employ; aſſure the company, that man ought to be content with a bare covering, ſince what now is ſo much his pride was formerly his ſhame. In ſhort, however caught, never give out; but aſcribe to the frugality of your diſpoſition, what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowneſs of your circumſtances. To be poor, and to ſeem poor, is a certain method never

er to rise: Pride in the great is hateful; in the wise it is ridiculous: But beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

ESSAY VI.

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the trouble and the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves to be his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct. Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying his creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice on the contrary, is a mere mechanick virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in change alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort

of

of glory. Should Lyſippus ſatisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generoſity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raiſed above duty; and from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praiſes of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reaſon upon juſtice and generoſity. The firſt is diſpiſed, though a virtue eſſential to the good of ſociety, and the other attracts our eſteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuoſity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reaſon. Lyſippus is told that his banker aſks a debt of forty pounds, and that a diſtreſſed acquaintance petitions for the ſame ſum. He gives it without heſitating to the latter; for he demands as a favour, what the other requires as a debt.

Mankind, in general, are not ſufficiently acquainted with the import of the word *Juſtice*: It is commonly believed to conſiſt only in a performance of thoſe duties to which the laws of ſociety can oblige us. This, I allow, is ſometimes the import of the word: And in this ſenſe, juſtice is diſtinguiſhed from equity: But there is a juſtice ſtill more extenſive, and which can be ſhown to embrace all the virtues united.

Juſtice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give every perſon what is his due. In this extended ſenſe of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reaſon preſcribes, or ſociety ſhould expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourſelves,

are

are fully anſwered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus juſtice, properly ſpeaking, is the only virtue: And all the reſt have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity and generoſity, for inſtance, are not, in their own nature, virtues; and, if ever they deſerve the title, it is owing only to juſtice, which impels and directs them. Without ſuch a moderator, candour might become indiſcretion; fortitude, obſtinacy; charity, imprudence, and generoſity, miſtaken profuſion.

A diſintereſted action, if it be not conducted by juſtice, is, at beſt, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenſes of ſociety, of preſents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulneſs, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of diſpoſing of our ſuperfluities; but they become vicious when they obſtruct or exhauſt our abilities, from a more virtuous diſpoſition of circumſtances.

True generoſity is a duty as indiſpenſably neceſſary as thoſe impoſed on us by law. It is a rule impoſed upon us by reaſon, which ſhould be the ſovereign law of a rational being. But this generoſity does not conſiſt in obeying every impulſe of humanity, in following blind paſſion for our guide, and impairing our circumſtances by preſent benefactions, ſo as to render us incapable of future ones.

Miſers are generally characteriſed as men without honour, or without humanity, who live

only to accumulate, and to this paſſion ſacrifice every other happineſs. They have been deſcribed as mad men, who, in the midſt of abundance, baniſh every pleaſure, and make from imaginary wants, real neceſſities. But few, very few, correſpond to this exaggerated picture; and perhaps, there is not one in whom all theſe circumſtances are found united. Inſtead of this, we find the ſober and the induſtrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labour, raiſe themſelves above their equals, and contribute their ſhare of induſtry to the common ſtock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may ſay, well were it for ſociety, had we more of theſe characters amongſt us. In general, theſe cloſe men are found at laſt the true benefactors of ſociety. With an avaricious man we ſeldom loſe in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French prieſt, whoſe name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refuſed to relieve the moſt apparent wretchedneſs, and by a ſkillful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immenſe ſums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow citizens, deteſted him; and the populace, who ſeldom love a miſer, wherever he went, followed him with ſhouts of contempt. He ſtill, however, continued his former ſimplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. He had long perceived the

wants

wants of the poor in the city, particularly, in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price: Wherefore, that whole fortune which he had been amaſſing he laid out in an acqueduct; by which he did the poor more uſeful and laſting ſervice, than if he had diſtributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long converſant with books, we too frequently find thoſe miſplaced virtues, of which I have been now complaining. We find the ſtudious animated with a ſtrong paſſion for the great virtues, as they are miſtakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philoſophy are generally rather exhauſted on thoſe ſupererogatory duties, than on ſuch as are indiſpenſably neceſſary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from ſtudy alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious diſtreſs. Thus, he is induced, by miſplaced liberality, to put himſelf into the indigent circumſtances of the perſon he relieves.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients, to a young man whom he ſaw giving away all his ſubſtance to pretended diſtreſs. "It is poſſible, that the perſon you "relieve may be an honeſt man; and I know "that you who relieve him, are ſuch. You "ſee, then, by your generoſity, that you rob a "man, who is certainly deſerving, to beſtow it "on one who may poſſibly be a rogue; and, "while you are unjuſt, in rewarding uncertain

"merit,

"merit, you are doubly guilty, by ſtripping "yourſelf."

ESSAY VII.

N. B. This treatiſe was publiſhed before Rouſſeau's Emilius.—If there be a ſimilitude in any one inſtance, it is hoped the author of the preſent Eſſay will not be deemed a plagiariſt.

AS few ſubjects are more intereſting to ſociety, ſo, few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet it is a little ſurpriſing, that it has been treated, almoſt by all, in a declamatory manner. They have inſiſted largely on the advantages that reſult from it, both to individuals and to ſociety; and have expatiated in the praiſe of what none have ever been ſo hardy as to call in queſtion.

Inſtead of giving us fine, but empty harangues upon this ſubject; inſtead of indulging each his particular and whimſical ſyſtems, it had been much better if the writers on this ſubject had treated it in a more ſcientifick manner, repreſſed all the ſallies of imagination, and given us the reſult of their obſervatious with diadactick ſimplicity. Upon this ſubject, the ſmalleſt errors are of the moſt dangerous conſequence; and the author ſhould venture the imputation of ſtupidity upon a topick, where his ſlighteſt deviations may tend to injure the riſing generation. However ſuch are the whimſical and erroneous productions written upon this ſubject. Their

authors

authors have ſtudied to be uncommon, not to be juſt; and, at preſent, we want a treatiſe upon education, not to tell us any thing new, but to explode the errors which have been introduced by the admirers of novelty. It is in this manner books become numerous; a deſire of novelty produces a book, and other books are required to deſtroy the former.

I ſhall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon this ſubject, which, though known, have not been attended to by others; and ſhall diſmiſs all attempts to pleaſe, while I ſtudy only inſtruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at preſent educated, is, ſome in free ſchools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding ſchools about town. The parent juſtly conſults the health of the child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this, much more than a continuance in town. Thus far he is right: If there were a poſſibility of having even our free ſchools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigor of, perhaps the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimſical, but it is truth: I have found by experience, that they who have ſpent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have ſaid, that the boarding ſchools are preferable to free ſchools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them; otherwiſe it is impoſſible

ble to conceive the ignorance of thoſe who take upon them the important truſt of education. Is any man unfit for any of the profeſſions? he finds his laſt reſource in ſetting up a ſchool. Do any become bankrupts in trade? they ſtill ſet up a boarding ſchool, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail; nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers who have turned ſchoolmaſters, and more ſurpriſing ſtill, made fortunes in their new profeſſion.

Could we think ourſelves in a country of civilized people; could it be conceived, that we have a regard for poſterity, when ſuch perſons are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of thoſe dear little pledges who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may ſerve as the honor and bulwark of their aged parents? the care of our children, Is it below the ſtate? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the diſpoſal of their children in this particular? for the ſtate to take the charge of all its children, as in Perſia or Sparta, might, at preſent, be inconvenient; but ſurely, with great eaſe, it might caſt an eye to their inſtructors. Of all profeſſions in ſociety, I do not know a more uſeful, or a more honourable one, than a ſchoolmaſter; at the ſame time that I do not ſee any more generally diſpiſed, or men whoſe talents are ſo ill rewarded.

Were the ſalaries of ſchoolmaſters to be augmented from a diminution of uſeleſs ſinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people!

ple! a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other reſpects, term the wiſeſt and greateſt upon earth. But while I would reward the deſerving, I would diſmiſs thoſe utterly unqualified for their employment: In ſhort, I would make the buſineſs of a ſchool maſter every way more reſpectable, by encreaſing their ſalaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

It is true we have already ſchoolmaſters appointed, and they have ſmall ſalaries; but where at preſent there is only one ſchoolmaſter appointed, there ſhould at leaſt be two: And wherever the ſalary is at preſent twenty pounds, it ſhould be augmented to an hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to thoſe who inſtruct ourſelves, and ſhall we deny even ſubſiſtence to thoſe who inſtruct our children? every member of ſociety ſhould be paid in proportion as he is neceſſary; and I will be bold enough to ſay, that ſchoolmaſters in a ſtate are more neceſſary than clergymen, as children ſtand in more need of inſtruction than their parents.

But inſtead of this, as I have already obſerved, we ſend them to board in the country, to the moſt ignorant ſet of men that can be imagined; and, leſt the ignorance of the maſter be not ſufficient, the child is generally conſigned to the uſher. This is commonly ſome poor needy animal, little ſuperior to a footman either in learning or ſpirit, invited to this place by an advertiſement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying diſpoſition, and making the children fond of him. "You give your

"child

"child to be educated to a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man, "instead of one slave, you "will then have two."

It were well, therefore, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as the master; for whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If, then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, see the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it that he is equally disregarded by the boys: The truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher: The oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule. The master himself, now and then, cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting his ill usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, Is it not to give children a relish for learning? they must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with so little ceremony. If the usher be dispised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose that there are some schools without these inconveniences, where the masters and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prised in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a publick school

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in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from maſters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world: The little tricks they play each other, the puniſhment that frequently attends the commiſſion, is a juſt picture of the great world; and all the ways of men are practiſed in a publick ſchool in miniature. It is true a child is early made acquainted with ſome vices in ſchool: But it is better to know theſe when a boy, than be firſt taught them when a man; for their novelty then may have irreſiſtable charms.

In a publick education, boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them leſs money upon their uſual viſits, it would be much to their advantage; ſince it may juſtly be ſaid, that a great part of their diſorders ariſe from ſurfeit, *Plus occidit gula quam gladius.*

And, now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that Mr. Locke and ſome others, have adviſed that children ſhould be innured to cold, to fatigue and hardſhip, from their youth: But Mr. Locke was but an indifferent phyſician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our conſtitutions; but we have not preciſe ideas upon this ſubject.

We know, that among ſavages, and even among our peaſants, there are found children born with ſuch conſtitutions that they croſs rivers by ſwimming, endure cold, thirſt, hunger, and want of ſleep, to a ſurpriſing degree, that when they happen to fall ſick, they are cured

without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to perſuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accuſtom ourſelves betimes to ſupport the ſame fatigues. But had theſe gentlemen conſidered firſt, how many lives are loſt in this aſcetick diſcipline: Had they conſidered, that thoſe ſavages and peaſants are generally not ſo long lived as thoſe who have led a more indolent life; that the more laborious the life is, the leſs populous is the country: Had they conſidered that what phyſicians call the *ſtamini vitæ*, by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus anticipate old age; that the numbers who ſurvive thoſe rude trials, bear no proportion to thoſe who die in the experiment. Had theſe things been properly conſidered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardſhips. Peter the Great, willing to innure the children of his ſeamen to a life of hardſhip, ordered that they ſhould only drink ſea water; but they unfortunately all died under the trial.

But while I would exclude all unneceſſary labours, yet ſtill I would recommend temperance in the higheſt degree. No luxurious diſhes with high ſeaſoning; nothing given to children to force an appetite; as little ſugared or ſalted proviſions as poſſible, though ever ſo pleaſing; but milk, morning and night ſhould be their conſtant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of thoſe ſlops that are uſually cooked by the miſtreſs of a boarding ſchool; beſides, it corrects any conſumptive habits,

habits, not unfrequently found amongſt the children of city parents.

As boys ſhould be educated with temperance, ſo the firſt, greateſt leſſon that ſhould be taught them, is, to admire frugality. It is by the exerciſe of this virtue alone, they can ever expect to be uſeful members of ſociety. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this ſubject, may make ſome boys when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become miſers; but it were well, had we more miſers than we have among us. I know few characters more uſeful in ſociety; for, a man's having a larger or ſmaller ſhare of money lying uſeleſs by him, no way injures the commonwealth; ſince, ſhould every miſer now exhauſt his ſtores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increaſe the commodities or pleaſures of life; they would ſtill remain as they are at preſent: It matters not, therefore, whether men are miſers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the ſtation they have choſen. If they deny themſelves the neceſſaries of life, ſociety is no way injured by their folly.

Inſtead, therefore, of romances, which praiſe young men of ſpirit, who go through a variety of adventures and at laſt conclude a life of diſſipation, folly and extravagance, in riches and matrimony, there ſhould be ſome men of wit employed to compoſe books that might equally intereſt the paſſions of our youth, where ſuch an one might be praiſed for having reſiſted allurements when young, and how he, at laſt, became

lord

lord mayor; how he was married to a lady of great ſenſe, fortune and beauty. To be as explicit as poſſible, the old ſtory of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more ſerviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joſeph Andrews, or an hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not poſſeſſed of. Were our ſchoolmaſters, if any of them have ſenſe enough to draw up ſuch a work, thus employed, it would be much more ſerviceable to their pupils, than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publiſh theſe ten years.

Children ſhould early be inſtructed in the arts from which they may afterwards draw the greateſt advantages. When the wonders of nature are never expoſed to our view, we have no great deſire to become acquainted with thoſe parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains, that as ſoon as young men have left ſchool, and are obliged to converſe in the world, they fancy themſelves tranſported into a new region. "*Ut cum in forum venerint exiſtiment ſe in aliam terrarum orbem delatos.*" We ſhould early therefore, inſtruct them in the experiments, if I may ſo expreſs it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the cauſes. But inſtead of that, when boys begin natural philoſophy in colleges, they have not the leaſt curioſity for thoſe parts of the ſcience which are propoſed for their inſtruction: They have never before ſeen the phenomena, and conſequently

consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their past time at school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement: The different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastick bodies might employ their idle hours; and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first, then, it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shown: The causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the works of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator: When he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does the desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as possible, and defer the causes, until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experience of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and, though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who

had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of cause and effect.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination: Instead of this, at present, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided. A boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much, that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, become at length more shining men, and at school generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetorick essential to a per-

fect

fect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleasing, convinces, is generally destroyed by such an institution. Convincing eloquence is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue, or the most pathetick tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fill our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had long been instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his cliant! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens. The first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do: And thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators, is little less than to teach them to be poets; and, for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a minor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another

Another paſſion which the preſent age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the ſciences, muſick, the exerciſes, and painting. Thus the child ſoon becomes a Talker in all, but a maſter in none. He thus acquires a ſuperficial fondneſs for every thing; and only ſhows his ignorance, when he attempts to exhibit his ſkill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection, ſo the reader muſt not be ſurpriſed to find me once more addreſſing ſchoolmaſters on the preſent method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal tranſlations. I would aſk ſuch, if they were to travel a journey, whether thoſe parts of the road in which they found the greateſt difficulties would not be the moſt ſtrongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the alluſion, gallop through one of the ancients with the aſſiſtance of a tranſlation, can have but a very ſlight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exerciſe of the mind alone, that a language is learned; but a literal tranſlation on the oppoſite page, leaves no exerciſe for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once ſatisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be ſought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to ſave himſelf the trouble of looking out for the future.

To continue in the ſame pedantick ſtrain, of all the various grammars now taught in the ſchools about

about town, I would recommend only the old common one: I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtilties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves: And I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness, but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the propereſt instructors for their children; but though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but I know not how, there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-

natured

natured man, who was ſenſible of his own weakneſs in this reſpect, and conſequently had recourſe to the following expedient to prevent his paſſions from being engaged, yet at the ſame time adminiſter juſtice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he ſummoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next claſſes to him: His accuſers ſtood forth; he had liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had the liberty of pleading againſt him: When found guilty by the jury, he was conſigned to the footman who attended in the houſe, and who had had previous orders to puniſh, but with lenity. By this means, the maſter took off the odium of puniſhment from himſelf; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the ſlighteſt intimacy, was placed in ſuch a light as to be ſhunned by every boy in the ſchool.

ESSAY VIII.

AN alehouſe keeper near Iſlington, who had long lived at the ſign of the French King, upon the commencement of the laſt war with France, pulled down his old ſign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden ſceptre, he continued to ſell ale, till ſhe was no longer the favourite of his cuſtomers: He changed her, therefore,

therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican, in this, imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, it is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long, for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has this day grown giddy with the roar of the million, has, the very next, been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market place, in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and, turning to Borgia his

son,

ſon, ſaid with a ſmile, *vides, mi fili, quam leve diſcrimen patibulum inter et ſtatuam.* "You ſee, my ſon, the ſmall difference between a gibbet and a ſtatue." If the great could be taught any leſſon, this might ſerve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory ſtands; for, as popular applauſe is excited by what ſeems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers muſt toil, feel ever inquietude, indulge every caprice, and perhaps, at laſt, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, reſembles a woman of ſenſe; her admirers muſt play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are ſure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift uſed to appear in publick, he generally had the mob ſhouting in his train. "Pox take theſe fools," he would ſay; "how much joy might all this bawling give my Lord Mayor?

We have ſeen thoſe virtues, which have, while living, retired from the publick eye, generally tranſmitted to poſterity, as the trueſt objects of admiration and praiſe. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be ſet up, even above that of his more talked of predeceſſor; ſince an aſſemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far ſuperior to thoſe vulgularly called the great ones. I muſt be pardoned for this ſhort tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much deteſt to receive any thing that

wore

were the appearance of flattery, as I ſhould to offer it.

I know not how to turn ſo trite a ſubject out of the beaten road of common place, except by illuſtrating it, rather by the aſſiſtance of my memory than judgment; and inſtead of making reflections by telling a ſtory.

A Chineſe who had long ſtudied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thouſand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and obſerve the cuſtoms of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon every pleaſure. Upon his arrival at Amſterdam, his paſſion for letters naturally led him to a bookſeller's ſhop; and as he could ſpeak a little Dutch, he civilly aſked the bookſeller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookſeller aſſured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What, have you never "heard of that immortal poet?" returned the other much ſurpriſed, "that light of the eyes, "that favourite of kings, that roſe of perfection! "I ſuppoſe you know nothing of the immortal "Fipſihihi, ſecond couſin to the moon?" "Noth-"ing at all, indeed ſir," returned the other. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpoſe, "then, hath one of theſe faſted to death, and the "other offered himſelf up as a ſacrifice to the "Tartar enemy, to gain a renown which has "never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is ſcarce a village in Europe, and not one univerſity, that is not thus furniſhed with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who oppoſes the deſigns of a prince who would tyrannically force his ſubjects to ſave their beſt clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiſcovered quality in the polype, or deſcribes an unheeded proceſs in the ſkeleton of a mole, and whoſe mind, like his microſcope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes ſmooth verſes, and paints to our imagination, when he ſhould only ſpeak to our hearts: All equally fancy themſelves walking forward to immortality, and deſire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd take them at their word. Patriot, philoſopher, and poet are ſhouted in their turn. "Where "was there ever ſo much merit ſeen? no times "ſo important as our own; ages yet unborn "ſhall gaze with wonder and applauſe!" To ſuch muſick, the important pigmy moves forward, buſtling and ſwelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a ſtorm.

I have lived to ſee generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraiſed by newſpapers and magazines, thoſe echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long ſunk into merited obſcurity, with ſcarce even an eitaph left to flatter. A few years ago, the herring fiſhery employed all Grubſtreet; it was the topick in every coffee houſe, and the burden of every ballad. We are to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom

bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring fishery.

ESSAY XI.

WE essayists, who are allowed but one subject at a time, are by no means so fortunate as the writers of magazines, who write upon several. If a magaziner be dull upon the Spanish war, he soon has us up again with the ghost in Cocklane: If the reader begins to doze upon that, he is quickly roused by an eastern tale; tales prepare us for poetry, and poetry for the meteorologicial history of the weather. It is the life and soul of a magazine not to be long dull upon one subject; and the reader, like the sailor's horse, has at least, the comfortable refreshment of having the spur often changed.

As I see no reason why these should carry off all the rewards of genius, I have some thoughts, for the future, of making my essays a magazine in miniature: I shall hop from subject to subject, and, if properly encouraged, I intend in time to adorn my *feuille volant* with pictures. But, to begin in the usual form.

A MODEST

A MODEST ADDRESS *to the* PUBLICK, *in behalf of the* INFERNAL MAGAZINE.

THE publick has been so often imposed upon by the unperforming promises of others, that it is with the utmost modesty we assure them of our inviolable design to give the very best collection that ever astonished society. The publick we honour and regard; and therefore to instruct and entertain them, is our highest ambition, with labours calculated as well to the head as the heart. If four extraordinary pages of letter press be any recommendation of our wit, we may at least boast the honour of vindicating our own abilities. To say more in favour of the INFERNAL MAGAZINE, would be unworthy the publick; to say less would be injurious to ourselves. As we have no interested motives for this undertaking, being a society of gentlemen of distinction, we disdain to eat or write like hirelings: We are all gentlemen, and therefore are resolved to sell our magazine for six pence, merely for our own amusement.

Be careful to ask for the INFERNAL MAGAZINE.

DEDICATION

To that most ingenious of all Patrons

THE TRIPOLINE AMBASSADOR.

May it please your Excellency,

AS your taste in the fine arts is universally allowed and admired, permit the authors of the Infernal Magazine to lay the following sheets humbly

humbly at your Excellency's toe; and, should our labours ever have the happiness of one day adorning the Court of Fez we doubt not that the influence wherewith we are honoured, shall be ever retained with the most warm ardour, by,

May it please your Excellency,
your most devoted humble servants,
the authors of the Infernal Magazine.

A SPEECH,

Spoken by the INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER, to persuade his club at CATEATON not to declare war against SPAIN.

MY honest friends and brother politicians, I perceive that the intended war with Spain makes many of you uneasy. Yesterday, as we were told, the stocks rose, and you were glad; to day they fell, and you are again miserable. But, my dear friends, what is the rising or the falling of the stocks to us, who have no money? Let Nathan Ben Funk, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this; but, my good Mr. Bellowsmender, what is all this to you or me? You must mend broken bellows, and I write bad prose, as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. Believe me my honest friends, whatever you may talk of liberty and your own reason, both that liberty and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society; and as we are born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are working. In the name of common sense, then,

my good friends, let the great keep watch over us, and let us mind our buſineſs, and perhaps we may at laſt get money ourſelves, and ſet beggars to work in our turn. I have a latin ſentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I ſhall beg leave to tranſlate for your inſtruction. An author, called Lilly's Grammar, finely obſerves, that "*Æs in præſenti perfectum* "*format* :" That is, "ready money makes a "perfect man." Let us then, to become perfect men, get ready money; and let them that will, ſpend theirs by going to war with Spain.

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR,

DRAWN UP BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER.

IF you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man, I would adviſe you to ſhrink into the room as faſt as you can, and place yourſelf, as uſual, upon the corner of a chair in a remote corner.

When you are deſired to ſing in company, I would adviſe you to refuſe; for, it is a thouſand to one but that you torment us with affectation, ignorance of muſick, or a bad voice.

If you be young, and live with an old man, I would adviſe you not to like gravy; I was diſinherited myſelf for liking gravy.

Don't laugh much in publick; the ſpectators that are not as merry as you, will hate you, either

either becauſe they envy your happineſs, or fancy themſelves the ſubject of your mirth.

RULES FOR RAISING THE DEVIL.

Tranſlated from the LATIN of DANÆUS DE SORTIARIIS, a writer cotemporary with CALVIN, and one of the reformers of our CHURCH.

THE perſon who deſires to raiſe the Devil, is to ſacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to ſwear an eternal obedience, and then to receive a mark in ſome unſeen place, either under the eyelid or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil himſelf. Upon this he has power given him over three ſpirits; one for earth, another for air, and a third for the ſea. Upon certain times, the devil holds an aſſembly of magicians, in which each is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wiſhes to do. At this aſſembly he appears in the ſhape of an old man, or often like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occaſion, renew their vows of obedience; and then form a grand dance in honour of their falſe deity. The devil inſtructs them in every method of injuring mankind; in gathering poiſons, and of riding, upon occaſion, through the air. He ſhows them the whole method, upon examination, of giving evaſive anſwers. His ſpirits have power to aſſume the form of angels of light, and there is but one

method

method of detecting them, viz. to ask them, in proper form, what method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world? To this they are not permitted by the superior power to make a false reply; nor are they willing to give the true one; wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

ESSAY X.

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive, I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the publick walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately

forward

forward for ſome time, when my friend ſtopping on a ſudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the publick walk; I could perceive by the quickneſs of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid ſomebody who followed. We now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he ſtill went faſter; but in vain: The perſon whom he attempted to eſcape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; ſo that, at laſt, we fairly ſtood ſtill, reſolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our purſuer ſoon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, "My dear Charles," cried he, ſhaking my friend's hand, where have you been hiding this "half century? Poſitively I had fancied you "were gone down to cultivate matrimony "and your eſtate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of ſurveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar ſmartneſs; his looks were pale, thin, and ſharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his boſom a buckle ſtudded with glaſs; his coat was trimmed with tarniſhed twiſt; he wore by his ſide a ſword with a black hilt; and his ſtockings of ſilk, though newly waſhed, were grown yellow by long ſervice. I was ſo much engaged with the peculiarity of his dreſs, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply; in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs

on

on the taſte of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Piſha, piſha, Charles," cried the figure, "no more of that if you love me; "you know I hate flattery; on my ſoul I do; "and yet to be ſure, an intimacy with "the great will improve one's appearance, and "a courſe of veniſon will fatten; and yet, faith I "deſpiſe the great as much as you do: But there "are a great many damned honeſt fellows a-"mong them; and we muſt not quarrel with "one half, becauſe the other wants breeding. "If they were all ſuch as my Lord Mudler, "one of the moſt good natured ceatures that "ever ſqueezed a lemon, I ſhould myſelf be "among the number of their admirers. I was "yeſterday to dine at the Dutcheſs of Picca-"dilly's. My Lord was there. "Ned," ſays he to me, "Ned," ſays he, "I'll hold gold to ſil-"ver, I tell where you were poaching laſt "night." "Poaching, my Lord," ſays I; "faith "you have miſſed already; for I ſtaid at home, "and let the girls poach for me. That's my "way: I take a fine woman as ſome animals do "their prey; ſtand ſtill, and ſwoop they fall "into my mouth."

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity, "I hope your fortune is as much improved as "your underſtanding in ſuch company." "Im-"proved?" replied the other; "you ſhall "know—but let it go no farther—a great ſecret "—five hundred a year to begin with. My "Lord's word of honour for it.—"His Lordſhip

"took

"took me down in his own chariot yesterday, "and we had a tête a téte dinner in the coun- "try, where we talked of nothing else." "I fan- "cy you forgot, Sir," cried I, "you told us "but this moment of your dining yesterday in "town." "Did I say so?" replied he cooly. To "be sure if I said so, it was so.—Dined in "town! egad, now I do remember I did dine "in town; but I dined in the country too: For "you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. "By the by, I am grown as nice as the devil "in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair "about that: We were a select party of us to "dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece; "but let it go no farther—a secret:—Well, "says I, I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say "done first, that—But, dear Charles, you are "an honest creature; lend me half a crown "for a minute or two, or so, just till—But "hark'e, ask me for it next time we meet, or "it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay "you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His "very dress," cries my friend, "is not less ex- "traordinary than his conduct. If you meet "him this day, you find him in rags; if the "next, in embroidery. With those persons of "distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he "has scarce a coffee house acquaintance. How- "ever, both for the interest of society, and per- "haps for his own, heaven has made him poor; "and, while all the world perceives his wants,

"he

" he fancies them concealed from every eye. " An agreeable companion, becauſe he under- " ſtands flattery; and all muſt be pleaſed with " the firſt part of his converſation, though all " are ſure of its ending with a demand on their " purſe. While his youth countenances the " levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a pre- " carious ſubſiſtence; but when age comes on, " the gravity of which is incompatible with " buffoonery, then will he find himſelf forſaken " by all; condemned, in the decline of life, to " hang upon ſome rich family, whom he once " diſpiſed, there to undergo all the ingenuity " of ſtudied contempt; to be employed only " as a ſpy upon the ſervants, or a bugbear to " frighten children into duty."

ESSAY XI.

THERE are ſome acquaintances whom it is no eaſy matter to ſhake off. My little beau yeſterday overtook me again in one of the publick walks, and ſlapping me on the ſhoulder, ſaluted me with an air of the moſt perfect familiarity. His dreſs was the ſame as uſual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier ſhirt, and had on a pair of temple ſpectacles, with his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmleſs amuſing little thing, I could not return his ſmiles with any degree utmoſt intimacy, and in a few minutes

utes discussed all the usual topics of a general conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear: He bowed to several well dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at, as well as he, by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, "Blast me," cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the park so thin in my "life before; there is no company at all to day, "not a single face to be seen." "No compa- "ny!" interrupted I, peevishly; "no compa- "ny where there is such a crowd! Why, man, "there is too much. What are the thousands "that have been laughing at us, but compa- "ny!" "Lord, my dear," returned he with the utmost good humour, "you seem immensely "chagrined; but, blast me, when the world "laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so "we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash "the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party "at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a "thousand things for the joke's sake. But I "see you are grave; so if you are for a fine grave "sentimental companion, you shall dine with "my wife to day; I must insist on't. I'll in-

" troduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as ele-
" gant qualifications as any in nature: She was
" bred (but that's between ourſelves) under the
" inſpection of the counteſs of Shoreditch. A
" charming body of voice! But no more of
" that; ſhe ſhall give us a ſong. You ſhall
" ſee my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina
" Amelia Tibbs, a ſweet pretty creature. I de-
" ſign her for my Lord Drumſtick's eldeſt ſon:
" But that's in friendſhip, let it go no farther:
" She's but ſix years old, and yet ſhe walks a
" minuet, and plays on the guitar immenſely al-
" ready. I intend ſhe ſhall be as perfect as poſ-
" ſible in every accompliſhment. In the firſt
" place, I'll make her a ſcholar; I'll teach her
" Greek myſelf, and I intend to learn that lan-
" guage purpoſely to inſtruct her; but let that
" be a ſecret."

Thus ſaying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm, and hauled me along. We paſſed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from ſome motive, to me unknown, he ſeemed to have a particular averſion to every frequented ſtreet: At laſt, however, we got to the door of a diſmal looking houſe in the outlets of the town, where he infomed me he choſe to reſide for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ſeemed ever to lie moſt hoſpitably open; and I began to aſcend an old and creaking ſtair caſe; when, as he mounted to ſhow me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in proſpects? to which anſwering in the affirmative, " Then," ſays he,

" I

" I ſhall ſhow you one of the moſt charming out
" of my windows; we ſhall ſee the ſhips ſailing,
" and the whole country for twenty miles
" round, tip top quite high. My Lord Swamp
" would give ten thouſand guineas for ſuch a
" one; but, as I ſometimes pleaſantly tell him,
" I always love to keep my proſpects at home,
" that my friends may come to ſee me the
" oftener."

By this time, we were arrived as high as the ſtairs would permit us to aſcend, till we came to what he was facetiouſly pleaſed to call the firſt floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice with a Scotch accent, from within demanded, "Wha's there?" My conductor anſwered, that it was him. But this not ſatisfying the queriſt, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he anſwered louder than before, and now the door was opened by an old maid ſervant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his houſe with great ceremony, and, turning to the old woman, aſked where her lady was. "Good
" troth," replied ſhe in the northern dialect,
" ſhe's waſhing your twa ſhirts at the next door,
" becauſe they have taken an oath againſt lend-
" ing out the tub any longer." "My two
" ſhirts!" cries he, in a tone that faltered with confuſion, "what does the ideot mean?" "I
" ken what I mean well enough," replied the other; "ſhe is waſhing your twa ſhirts at the
" next door, becauſe"—"Fire and fury, no
" more of thy ſtupid explanations," cried he:

"Go

"Go and inform her we have got company, "Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be forever in my family, she "would never learn politeneſs, nor forget that "abſurd poiſonous accent of hers, or teſtify the "ſmalleſt ſpecimen of breeding or high life; "and yet it is very ſurpriſing too, as I had her "from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from "the Highlands; one of the politeſt men in the "world; but that's a ſecret."

We waited ſome time for Mrs. Tibb's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of ſurveying the chamber and all its furniture, which conſiſted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he aſſured me were his wife's embroidery; a ſquare table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumber cabinet in the other; a broken ſhepherdeſs, and a mandarine without a head, were ſtuck over the chimney; and round the walls ſeveral paltry unframed pictures, which he obſerved were all of his own drawing. "What "do you think, Sir, of that head in the corner, "done in the manner of Griſoni? There's the "true keeping in it; it is my own face; and "though there happens to be no likeneſs, a "counteſs offered me a hundred for its fel-"low: I refuſed her, for, hang it, that would "be mechanical, you know."

The wife, at laſt, made her appearance, at once a flattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but ſtill carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being ſeen in ſuch an

odious

odious diſhabille, but hoped to be excuſed, as ſhe had ſtaid out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the counteſs, who was exceſſively fond of the horns. "And indeed, my dear," added ſhe, turning to her huſband, "his Lordſhip drank "your health in a bumper." "Poor Jack," cries he, "a dear good natured creature, I know "he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have "given orders for dinner: You need make no "great preparations neither; there are but three "of us; ſomething elegant, and little will do; "a turbot, an ortolan, or a—" "Or what "do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of ox cheek, piping hot, "and dreſſed with a little of my own ſauce?" "The very thing," replied he; "it will eat beſt "with ſome ſmart bottled beer; but be ſure to "let us have the ſauce his Grace was ſo fond of. "I hate your immenſe loads of meat; that is "country all over; extreme diſguſting to thoſe "who are in the leaſt acquainted with high "life."

By this time my curioſity began to abate, and my appetite to increaſe. The company of fools may at firſt make us ſmile, but at laſt never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and, after having ſhown my reſpect to the houſe, by giving the old ſervant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs aſſuring me, that dinner, if I ſtaid, would be ready at leaſt in leſs than two hours.

ESSAY XII.

AS it hath been obſerved, that few are better qualified to give others advice, than thoſe who have taken the leaſt of it themſelves; ſo, in this reſpect, I find myſelf perfectly authoriſed to offer mine; and muſt take leave to throw together a few obſervations upon that part of a young man's conduct on his entering into life, as it is called.

The moſt uſual way among young men who have no reſolution of their own, is, firſt to aſk one friend's advice, and follow it for ſome time; then to aſk advice of another, and turn to that; ſo of a third, ſtill unſteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worſe: People may tell you of your being unfit for ſome peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not: Whatever employment you follow with perſeverance and aſſiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your ſupport in youth, and comfort in age. In learning the uſeful part of every profeſſion, very moderate abilities will ſuffice: Great abilities are generally obnoxious to the poſſeſſors. Life has been compared to a race; but the alluſion ſtill improves, by obſerving, that the moſt ſwift are ever the moſt apt to ſtray from the courſe.

To know one profeſſion only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the profeſſors may tell you to the contrary, is ſoon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment;

employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a taylor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the taylor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! If "people ever take it into their heads to live "without clothes, I am undone; I have no "other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, "friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but, thank heaven, things are not quite "so bad with me: For if one trick should fail, "I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. "However, if at any time you are reduced to "beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land: The taylor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him: Till he was at last obliged to beg from the very taylor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune, than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich, and then show away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once

Once upon a time, a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a fly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool; "sure those who have neither strength nor weap-"ons to fight, at least should be civil." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth, is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own; but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find

find themselves miserably disappointed: To bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore he had drawn a picture in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the publick market place, with directions at the bottom, for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and, in general applauded; but, each willing to show his talent at criticism, stigmatised whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot, not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty: Every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the painter, "I now find, that "the best way to please all the world, is to at-"tempt pleasing one half of it."

ESSAY

ESSAY XIII.

INDULGENT Nature ſeems to have exempted this iſland from many of thoſe epidemic evils which are ſo fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain, for a few days beyond the expected ſeaſon, in ſome parts of the globe, ſpreads famine, deſolation and terror, over the whole country; but in this fortunate land of Britain, the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the huſbandman ever ſows in joyful expectation.

But, though the nation be exempt from real evils, it is not more happy on this account than others. The people are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor peſtilence; but than there is a diſorder peculiar to the country, which, every ſeaſon makes ſtrange ravages among them: It ſpreads with peſtilential rapidity, and infects almoſt every rank of people; and, what is ſtill more ſtrange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign phyſicians by the appellation of Epidemic Terror.

A ſeaſon is never known to paſs in which the people are not viſited by this cruel calamity, in one ſhape or another, ſeemingly different, tho' ever the ſame. One year it iſſues from a baker's ſhop in the ſhape of a ſixpenny loaf; the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tale; the third it threatens like a flat bottomed boat; and the fourth it carries conſterna-

tion

tion in the bite of a mad dog. The people when once infected, loose their relish of happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright, and be frighted: The merest trifles sow consternation and dismay; each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for, when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the orignal cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy, if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence. and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of being tamely bit by mad dogs no longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or not, somewhat resembles the ancient Gothic custom of trying witches. The old woman

man ſuſpected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If ſhe ſwam, then ſhe was inſtantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if ſhe ſunk, then indeed ſhe was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the ſame manner, a crowd gather round a dog ſuſpected of madneſs, and they begin by teazing the devoted animal on every ſide. If he attempt to ſtand upon the defenſive, and bite, then is he unanimouſly found guilty; for "a mad dog always ſnaps at every thing." If, on the contrary, he ſtrives to eſcape by running away, then he can expect no compaſſion; for "mad dogs always run ſtraight "forward before them."

It is pleaſant enough for a neutral being like me, who has no ſhare in thoſe ideal calamities, to mark the ſtages of this rational diſeaſe. The terror at firſt feebly enters with a diſregarded ſtory of a little dog that had gone through a neighboring village, which was thought to be mad by ſeveral who had ſeen him. The next account comes, that a maſtiff ran through a certain town, and had bitten five geeſe, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies ſoon after. Then comes an affecting hiſtory of a litte boy bitten in the leg and gone down to be dipped in the ſalt water. When the people have ſufficiently ſhuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was ſaid lately to have died from a bite he had received ſome years before. This relation only prepares the way for another

another ſtill more hideous; as, how the maſter of a family, with ſeven ſmall children, were all bitten by a mad lap dog: And how the poor father firſt perceived the infection by calling for a draught of water, where he ſaw the lap dog ſwimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with ſome new diſaſter. As in ſtories of ghoſts, each loves to hear the account, though it only ſerves to make him uneaſy; ſo, here, each liſtens with eagerneſs, and adds to the tidings with new circumſtances of peculiar horror. A lady, for inſtance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frighted by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The ſtory ſoon is improved, and ſpreads, that a mad dog had frighted a lady of diſtinction. Theſe circumſtances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village; and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bitten by a mad maſtiff. This account every moment gathers new ſtrength, and grows more diſmal as it approaches the capital; and, by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is deſcribed with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all four, barking like a dog, biting her ſervants, and at laſt ſmothered between two beds, by the advice of her doctors; while the mad maſtiff is, in the mean time ranging the whole country over, ſlavering at the mouth and ſeeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me ſome mornings ago before the uſual hour, with horror and aſtoniſhment in her looks. She deſired me, if I had any regard for my ſafety, to keep within; for, a few days ago, ſo diſmal an accident had happened, as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog, down in the country, ſhe aſſured me, had bit a farmer, who ſoon becoming mad, ran into his own yard, and bit a fine brindled cow: The cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raiſing herſelf up, walked about on her hind legs, ſometimes barking like a dog, and ſometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this ſtory, I found my landlady had it from one neighbor, who had it from another neighbor, who heard it from very good authority.

Were moſt ſtories of this nature well examined, it would be found, that numbers of ſuch as have been ſaid to ſuffer, were no way injured; and that of thoſe who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bitten by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only ſerve to make the people miſerable by falſe terrors, and ſometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy, by creating thoſe very ſymptoms they pretend to deplore.

But, even allowing three or four to die in a ſeaſon of this terrible death, (and four is probably too large a conceſſion) yet ſtill it is not conſidered how many are preſerved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's

ſervices.

ſervices. The midnight robber is kept at a diſtance; the inſidious thief is often detected; the healthful chaſe repairs many a worn conſtitution; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing aſſiſtant eager to leſſen his toil, and content with the ſmalleſt retribution.

"A dog," ſays one of the Engliſh poets, "is "an honeſt creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beaſts that graze the lawn, or hunt the foreſt, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendſhip of man; to man he looks in all his neceſſities, with a ſpeaking eye, for aſſiſtance; exerts, for him, all the little ſervice in his power with chearfulneſs and pleaſure: For him, bears famine and fatigue with patience and reſignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity; no diſtreſs induce him to forſake his benefactor: Studious to pleaſe, and fearing to offend, he is ſtill a humble, ſtedfaſt dependent; and in him, alone, fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the foreſt to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the truſty animal for all its ſervices!

ESSAY XIV.

AGE, that leſſens the enjoyment of life, increaſes our deſire of living. Thoſe dangers which, in the vigor of youth, we had learned

ed to deſpiſe, aſſume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increaſing as our years increaſe, fear becomes at laſt the prevailing paſſion of the mind; and the ſmall remainder of life is taken up in uſeleſs efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued exiſtence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wiſe are liable! If I ſhould judge of that part of life which lies before me, by that which I have already ſeen, the proſpect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my paſt enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and ſenſation aſſures me, that thoſe I have felt, are ſtronger than thoſe which are yet to come. Yet experience and ſenſation in vain perſuade; hope, more powerful than either, dreſſes out the diſtant proſpect in fancied beauty; ſome happineſs, in long perſpective, ſtill beckons me to purſue; and, like a loſing gameſter, every new diſappointment increaſes my ardor, to continue the game.

Whence then is this increaſed love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preſerve our exiſtence, at a period when it becomes ſcarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preſervation of mankind, increaſes our wiſhes to live, while ſhe leſſens our enjoyments? and, as ſhe robs the ſenſes of every pleaſure, equips imagination in the ſpoils? Life would be inſupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigor of manhood: The

numberleſs

numberleſs calamities of decaying nature, and the conſciouſneſs of ſurviving every pleaſure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the ſcene of miſery: But, happily, the contempt of death forſakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increaſes, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not chooſe," ſays a French philoſopher, "to ſee an old poſt "pulled up with which I have long been ac-"quainted." A mind long habituated to a certain ſet of objects, inſenſibly becomes fond of ſeeing them, viſits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of poſſeſſion: They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not becauſe it gives them pleaſure, but becauſe they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaſte, aſcending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjuſtly detained in priſon, during the preceding reigns, ſhould be ſet free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occaſion, there appeared a majeſtic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addreſſed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now "eighty-five years old, who was ſhut up in a "dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was "impriſoned, though a ſtranger to crime, or

" without being ever confronted by my accuſ-
" ers. I have now lived in ſolitude and dark-
" neſs for more than fifty years, and am grown
" familiar with diſtreſs. As yet dazzled with
" the ſplendor of that ſun to which you have
" reſtored me, I have been wandering the ſtreets
" to find out ſome friend that would aſſiſt, or
" relieve, or remember me: But my friends,
" my family and relations, are all dead, and I
" am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chin-
" vang, to wear out the wretched remains of
" life in my former priſon: The walls of my
" dungeon are to me more pleaſing than the
" moſt ſplendid palace. I have not long to
" live, and ſhall be unhappy except I ſpend
" the reſt of my days where my youth was paſſ-
" ed; in that priſon from whence you were
" pleaſed to releaſe me."

The old man's paſſion for confinement is ſimilar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the priſon, we look round with diſcontent, are diſpleaſed with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increaſes our fondneſs for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houſes we have built, or the poſterity we have begotten, all ſerve to bind us cloſer to the earth and embitter our parting. Life ſues the young like a new acquaintance: The companion, as yet unexhauſted, is at once inſtructive and amuſing; its company pleaſes; yet, for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jeſts have been anticipated in former converſation:

verſation: It hath no new ſtory to make us ſmile, no new improvement with which to ſurpriſe; yet ſtill we love it: Deſtitute of every enjoyment, ſtill we love it; huſband the waſting treaſure with increaſing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguiſh in the fatal ſeparation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, ſincere, brave, an Engliſhman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his maſter, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treaſures before him, and promiſed a long ſucceſſion of happineſs. He came, taſted of the entertainment, but was diſguſted even at the beginning. He profeſſed an averſion to living; was tired of walking round the ſame circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, ſo diſpleaſing," cried he to himſelf, "What will it "appear when age comes on? If it be at preſent "indifferent, ſure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till at laſt, with all the ſerenity of perverted reaſon, he ended the debate with a piſtol! Had this ſelf deluded man been apprized, that exiſtence grows more deſirable to us the longer we exiſt, he would then have faced old age without ſhrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and ſerved that ſociety by his future aſſiduity, which he baſely injured by his deſertion.

ESSAY

ESSAY XV.

FOREIGNERS obſerve, that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful or more ill dreſſed than thoſe of England. Our country women have been compared to thoſe pictures, where the face is the work of Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by ſome empty pretender, deſtitute of taſte, and entirely unacquainted with deſign.

If I were a poet, I might obſerve on this occaſion, that ſo much beauty, ſet off with all the advantages of dreſs, would be too powerful an antagoniſt for the oppoſite ſex; and therefore it was wiſely ordered, that our ladies ſhould want taſte, leſt their admirers ſhould entirely want reaſon.

But, to confeſs a truth, I do not find they have a greater averſion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatſoever. I cannot fancy that a ſhopkeeper's wife in Cheapſide has a greater tenderneſs for the fortune of her huſband, than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that Miſs in a boarding ſchool, is more an economiſt in dreſs, than Mademoiſelle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the ſoil in which almoſt every faſhion takes its riſe, its influence is never ſo general there as with us. They ſtudy there the happy method of uniting grace and faſhion, and never excuſe a woman for being awkwardly dreſſed, by ſaying her clothes are in the mode. A French woman is

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a perfect architect in dress: She never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders: She never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to a general fashion, only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town. If fashion give the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and play houses, are filled with ladies in uniform; and their whole appearance shows as little variety of taste, as if their clothes were bespoken by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the artist who dresses the three battallions of guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion for levelling all distinction in dress. The lady of no quality travels fast behind the lady of some quality; and a woman of sixty is as gaudy as her granddaughter. A friend of mine, a good natured old man, amused me, the other day, with an account of his journey to the Mall. It seems, in his walk thither, he, for some time, followed a lady, who, as he thought by her dress, was a girl of fifteen: It was airy, elegant and youthful. My old friend had called up all his poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids

prepared

prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee: He had prepared his imagination for an angel's face. But, what was his mortification to find, that the imaginary goddeſs was no other than his couſin Hannah ſome years older than himſelf!

But, to give it in his own words: "After the "tranſports of our firſt ſalute," ſaid he, were "over, I could not avoid running my eye over "her whole appearance. Her gown was of "cambric, cut ſhort before, in order to diſcover an high heeled ſhoe, which was buckled "almoſt to the toe. Her cap conſiſted of a "few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted "paper ſtuck on one ſide of her head. Her "boſom, that had felt no hand but the hand of "time theſe twenty years, roſe, ſuing to be "preſſed. I could, indeed, have wiſhed her "more than a handkerchief of Pariſnet to ſhade "her beauties; for, as Taſſo ſays of the roſe "bud, '*Quanto ſe moſtra men tanto e piu bella.*' "A female breaſt is generally thought more "beautiful, as it is more ſparingly diſcovered.

"As my couſin had not put on all this finery "for nothing, ſhe was at that time ſallying out "to the park, when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my beſt wig, "ſhe offered, if I would 'ſquire her there, to "ſend home the footman. Though I trembled "for our reception in public, yet I could not, "with any civility, refuſe: So, to be as gallant "as poſſible, I took her hand in my arm, and "thus we marched on together.

"When

"When we made our entry at the Park, two "antiquated figures, so polite and so tender, "soon attracted the eyes of the company. As "we made our way among crowds, who were "out to show their finery as well as we, where-"ever we came, I perceived we brought good "humor with us. The polite could not for-"bear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a "horse laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin "Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the "rectitude of her own appearance, attributed "all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I "as cordially placed the whole to her account. "Thus, from being two of the best natured "creatures alive, before we got half way up the "Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and, "like two mice on a string, endeavoured to re-"venge the impertinence of the spectators upon "each other. 'I am amazed, cousin Jeffery,' "says Miss, 'that I can never get you to dress "like a christian. I knew we should have the "eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig "so frizzled, and yet so beggarly, and your "monstrous muff. I hate those odious muffs.' "I could have patiently borne a criticism on "all the rest of my equipage; but, as I had al-"ways a peculiar veneration for my muff, "I could not forbear being piqued a little; "and, throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on "her bosom, 'I could heartily wish, madam,' "replied I, 'that for your sake, my muff was "cut into a tippet.'

"As

" As my couſin, by this time, was grown " heartily aſhamed of her gentleman uſher, and " as I was never very fond of any kind of exhi- " bition myſelf, it was mutually agreed, to retire " for a while to one of the ſeats, and from that " retreat remark on others, as freely as they had " remarked on us.

" When ſeated, we continued ſilent for ſome " time, employed in very different ſpeculations. " I regarded the whole company, now, paſſing " in review before me, as drawn out merely for " my amuſement. For my entertainment, the " beauty had, all that morning, been improving " her charms; the beau had put on lace, and " the young doctor a big wig, merely to pleaſe " me. But quite different were the ſentiments " of couſin Hannah. She regarded every " well dreſſed woman as a victorious rival: " Hated every face that ſeemed dreſſed in good " humor, or wore the appearance of greater " happineſs than her own. I perceived her un- " eaſineſs, and attempted to leſſen it, by ob- " ſerving, that there was no company in the " Park to day. To this ſhe readily aſſented; " 'And yet,' ſays ſhe, 'it is full enough of ſcrubs " of one kind or another.' My ſmiling at this " obſervation, gave her ſpirits to purſue the " bent of her inclination; and now ſhe began " to exhibit her ſkill in ſecret hiſtory, as ſhe " found me diſpoſed to liſten. 'Obſerve,' ſays " ſhe to me, 'that old woman in tawdry ſilk, and " dreſſed out beyond the faſhion: That is Miſs " Biddy Evergreen. Miſs Biddy it ſeems has

" money;

" money; and as she considers that money was
" never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolv-
" ed to keep what she has to herself. She is
" ugly enough, you see; yet, I assure you, she
" has refused several offers, to my own knowl-
" edge, within this twelvemonth. Let me see;
" three gentlemen from Ireland, who study the
" law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a
" Scotch preacher, who had like to have carried
" her off. All her time is passed betwixt sickness
" and finery. Thus she spends the whole week
" in a close chamber, with no other company
" but her monkey, her apothecary and cat; and
" comes dressed out to the Park every Sun-
" day, to show her airs, to get new lovers, to
" catch a new cold, and to make new work for
" the doctor.

" There goes Mrs. Roundabout. I mean
" the fat lady in the lutestring trollopee. Be-
" tween you and me, she is but a cutler's wife. See
" how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins
" can make her, while her two marriageable
" daughters, like bunters in stuff gowns, are
" now taking sixpenny worth of tea at the
" White Conduit House. Odious puss, how
" she waddles along, with her trail, two yards
" behind her! She puts me in mind of my
" Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are oblig-
" ed to have their monstrous tails trundled
" along in a gocart. For all her airs, it goes
" to her husband's heart to see four yards of
" good lutestring wearing against the ground,
" like one of his knives on a grindstone. To

" ſpeak my mind, couſin Jeffery, I never liked " thoſe trails; for, ſuppoſe a young fellow ſhould " be rude, and the lady ſhould offer to ſtep " back in the fright, inſtead of retiring, ſhe " tread upon her trail, and falls fairly upon her " back; and then you know, couſin—her clothes " may be ſpoiled.

" Ha! Miſs Mazzard! I knew we ſhould " not miſs her in the Park; ſhe in the mon- " ſtrous Pruſſian bonnet. Miſs, though ſo very " fine, was bred a milliner, and might have had " ſome cuſtom if ſhe had minded her buſineſs; " but the girl was fond of finery, and inſtead of " dreſſing her cuſtomers, laid out all her goods " in adorning herſelf. Every new gown ſhe " put on impaired her credit; ſhe ſtill however " went on, improving her appearance, and leſſ- " ening her little fortune, and is now, you ſee, " become a belle and a bankrupt."

" My couſin was proceeding in her remarks, " which were interrupted by the approach of " the very lady ſhe had been ſo freely deſcrib- " ing. Miſs had perceived her at a diſtance, " and approached to ſalute her. I found, by " the warmth of the two ladies' proteſtations, " that they had been long intimate, eſteemed " friends and acquaintance. Both were ſo " pleaſed at this happy rencounter, that they " were reſolved not to part for the day. So we " all croſſed the Park together, and I ſaw them " into a hackney coach at St. James's."

ESSAY

ESSAY XVI.

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the ſtorm, and preſents nothing to the ſight of the diſtant traveller, but a proſpect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak boſom of this frightful mountain, ſecluded from ſociety, and deteſting the ways of men, lived Aſem the man hater.

Aſem had ſpent his youth with men; had ſhared in their amuſements; and had been taught to love his fellow creatures with the moſt ardent affection: But, from the tenderneſs of his diſpoſition, he exhauſted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the diſtreſſed. The petitioner never ſued in vain; the weary traveller never paſſed his door: He only deſiſted from doing good, when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus ſpent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from thoſe he had formerly relieved, and made his application with confidence of redreſs: The ungrateful world ſoon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a ſhort lived paſſion. He ſoon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them. He perceived a thouſand vices he had never before expected to exiſt: Wherever he turned, ingratitude, diſſimulation and treachery, contributed to increaſe his deteſtation of them. Reſolved therefore to continue no longer

er in a world which he hated, and which repaid his deteſtation with contempt, he retired to this region of ſterility, in order to brood over his reſentment in ſolitude, and converſe with the only honeſt heart he knew, namely, with his own.

A cave was his only ſhelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's ſide, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, ſequeſtered from ſociety, paſſing the hours in meditation, and ſometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow creatures.

At the foot of the mountain, an extenſive lake diſplayed its glaſſy boſom, reflecting on its broad ſurface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would ſometimes deſcend, and reclining on its ſteep bank, caſt an eager look on the ſmooth expanſe that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is Nature! how lovely, even in "her wildeſt ſcenes! How finely contraſted is "the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon "awful pile that hides its tremendous head in "clouds! But the beauty of theſe ſcenes is no "way comparable with their utility: From "hence a hundred rivers are ſupplied, which "diſtribute health and verdure to the various "countries through which they flow. Every "part of the univerſe is beautiful, juſt, and "wiſe: But man, vile man, is a ſoleciſm in na-

"ture,

" ture, the only monſter in the creation. Tem-
" peſts and whirlwinds have their uſe; but vi-
" cious, ungrateful man, is a blot in the fair
" page of univerſal beauty. Why was I born
" of that deteſted ſpecies, whoſe vices are al-
" moſt a reproach to the wiſdom of the divine
" Creator! Were men entirely free from vice,
" all would be uniformity, harmony and order.
" A world of moral rectitude, ſhould be the re-
" ſult of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why
" then, O Alla! muſt I be thus confined in
" darkneſs, doubt and deſpair!"

Juſt as he uttered the word deſpair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to ſatisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a moſt majeſtic being walking on the ſurface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he ſtood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpoſe: He ſtopped, contemplated and fancied he ſaw ſomething awful and divine in his aſpect.

" Son of Adam," cried the genius, " ſtop
" thy raſh purpoſe; the father of the faithful has
" ſeen thy juſtice, thy integrity, thy miſeries,
" and has ſent me to afford and adminiſter re-
" lief. Give me thine hand, and follow, with-
" out trembling, wherever I ſhall lead. In me
" behold the genius of conviction, kept by the
" great prophet, to turn from their errors thoſe
" who go aſtray, not from curioſity, but a recti-
" tude of intention. Follow me, and be wiſe."

Aſem immediately deſcended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the ſurface

of the water, till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to ſink; the waters cloſed over their heads; they deſcended ſeveral hundred fathoms, till Aſem, juſt ready to give up his life as inevitably loſt, found himſelf with his celeſtial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His aſtoniſhment was beyond deſcription, when he ſaw a ſun like that he had left, a ſerene ſky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

"I plainly perceive your amazement," ſaid the genius; "but ſuſpend it for a while. This "world was formed by Alla, at the requeſt, and "under the inſpection of our great Prophet; "who once entertained the ſame doubts which "filled your mind when I found you, and from "the conſequence of which you were ſo lately "reſcued. The rational inhabitants of this "world are formed agreeable to your own "ideas; they are abſolutely without vice. In "other reſpects it reſembles your earth, but "differs from it in being wholly inhabited by "men who never do wrong. If you find this "world more agreeable than that you ſo late"ly left, you have free permiſſion to ſpend the "remainder of your days in it; but permit me "for ſome time, to attend you, that I may ſi"lence your doubts, and make you better ac"quainted with your company and your new "habitation.

"A world without vice! Rational beings "without immortality!" cried Aſem, in a rapture;

ture; "I thank thee, O Alla, who haſt at "length heard my petitions: This, this in- "deed will produce happineſs, ecſtaſy and "eaſe. O for an immortality, to ſpend it "among men who are incapable of ingratitude, "injuſtice, fraud, violence and a thouſand oth- "er crimes, that render ſociety miſerable!"

"Ceaſe thine exclamations," replied the ge- nius. "Look around thee; reflect on every "object and action before us, and communi- "cate to me the reſult of thine obſervations. "Lead where you think proper, I ſhall be "your attendant and inſtructor." Aſem and his companion travelled on in ſilence for ſome time, the former being entirely loſt in aſtoniſh- ment; but, at laſt recovering his former ſeren- ity, he could not help obſerving, that the face of the country bore a near reſemblance to that he had left, except that this ſubterranean world ſtill ſeemed to retain its primeval wildneſs.

"Here" cried Aſem, I perceive animals of "prey and others that ſeem only deſigned for "their ſubſiſtence: It is the very ſame in the "world over our heads. But had I been per- "mitted to inſtruct our Prophet, I would have "removed this defect, and formed no voracious "or deſtructive animals, which only prey on "the other parts of the creation." "Your "tenderneſs for inferior animals is, I find re- "markable," ſaid the genius, ſmiling. "But, "with regard to meaner creatures, this world "exactly reſembles the other; and, indeed, for "obvious reaſons; for the earth can ſupport

"a

" a more conſiderable number of animals, by " their thus becoming food for each other, than " if they had lived entirely on the vegetable " productions. So that animals of different na- " tures thus formed, inſtead of leſſening their " multitude, ſubſiſt in the greateſt number poſ- " ſible. But let us haſten on to the inhabited " country before us, and ſee what that offers " for inſtruction."

They ſoon gained the utmoſt verge of the foreſt, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Aſem anticipated in idea the rational delights he hoped to experience in ſuch an innocent ſociety. But they had ſcarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying, with haſty ſteps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of ſquirrels, that cloſely purſued him. " Heavens!" cried Aſem, " Why does he fly? " What can he fear from animals ſo contempti- " ble?" He had ſcarce ſpoken when he perceived two dogs purſuing another of the human ſpecies, who, with equal terror and haſte attempted to avoid them. " This," cried Aſem to his guide, " is truly ſurpriſing; nor can I " conceive the reaſon for ſo ſtrange an action." " Every ſpecies of animals," replied the genius, " has, of late, grown very powerful in this coun- " try; for the inhabitants, at firſt, thinking it " unjuſt to uſe either fraud or force in deſtroy- " ing them, they have inſenſibly increaſed, and " now frequently ravage their harmleſs fron- " tiers." " But they ſhould have been deſtroy-

"ed,"

"ed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of "such neglect." "Where is then that tender- "ness you so lately expressed for subordi- "nate animals?" replied the genius, smiling: "you seem to have forgot that branch of jus- "tice." "I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Asem: "I am now convinced that "we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to "the brute creation, if we would enjoy the "world ourselves. But let us no longer ob- "serve the duty of man to these irrational crea- "tures, but survey their connections with one "another."

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor perceived his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their an- cient simplicity, each had a house, which tho' homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for con- venience, and not for show. "At least then," said Asem, "they had neither architects, paint- "ers, or statuaries, in their society; but these "are idle arts, and may be spared. However, "before I spend much more time here, you "should have my thanks for introducing me "into the society of some of their wisest men: "There is scarce any pleasure to me equal to "a refined conversation; there is nothing of

"which

"which I am so enamoured as wisdom." "Wis-
"dom!" replied his instructor, "how ridicu-
"lous! We have no wisdom here, for we have
"no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a
"knowledge of our own duty and the duty of
"others to us: But of what use is such wisdom
"here? each intuitively performs what is right
"in himself, and expects the same from oth-
"ers. If, by wisdom, you should mean vain
"curiosity and empty speculation; as such
"pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury,
"or avarice, we are too good to pursue them."
"All this may be right," says Asem; "but me-
"thinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail
"among the people; each family keeps separ-
"ately within their own precincts without so-
"ciety or without intercourse." "That in-
"deed is true," replied the other; "here is no
"established society; nor should there be any:
"All societies are made either through fear or
"friendship; the people we are among are too
"good to fear each other; and there are no mo-
"tives to private friendship, where all are equal-
"ly meritorious." "Well then," said the
sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I
"am to have neither the polite arts, nor wis-
"dom, nor friendship in such a world, I should
"be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who
"may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may
"communicate mine." "And to what pur-
"pose should either do this?" says the genius:
"Flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and
"never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of
"the question." "Still,

"Still, however," said Asem, "the inhabit-
"ants must be happy; each is contented with
"his own possessions, nor avariciously endeav-
"ours to heap up more than is necessary for
"his own subsistence; each has therefore leisure
"to pity those that stand in need of his com-
"passion." He had scarce spoken when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, "that men who are free from vice should thus "suffer so much misery without relief!" "Be "not surprised," said the wretch who was dying, "would it not be the utmost injustice for "beings, who have only just sufficient to sup-
"port themselves, and are content with a bare
"subsistence, to take it from their own mouths
"to put it into mine? They never are possessed
"of a single meal more than is necessary; and
"what is barely necessary, cannot be dispensed
"with." "They should have been supplied
"with more than is necessary," cried Asem;
"and yet I contradict my own opinion but a
"moment before: All is doubt, perplexity and
"confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is
"no virtue here, since they never received a
"favor. They have, however, another ex-
"cellency yet behind; the love of their coun-
"try is still, I hope, one of their darling
"virtues." "Peace, "Asem," replied the guardian,

guardian, with a countenance not leſs ſevere than beautiful, " nor forfeit all thy pre-
" tenſions to wiſdom: The ſame ſelfiſh mo-
" tives by which we prefer our own intereſt
" to that of others, induce us to regard our
" country preferably to that of another. No-
" thing leſs than univerſal benevolence is free
" from vice, and that you ſee is practiſed here."
" Strange!" cries the diſappointed pilgrim, in an agony of diſtreſs; " What ſort of a world am
" I now introduced to? There is ſcarce a ſin-
" gle virtue but that of temperance which they
" practiſe; and, in that, they are no way ſu-
" perior to the very brute creation. There is
" ſcarce an amuſement which they enjoy: For-
" titude, liberality, friendſhip, wiſdom, con-
" verſation and love of country, all are virtues
" entirely unknown here; thus it ſeems, that
" to be acquainted with vice is not to know
" virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to
" that very world which I have deſpiſed: A
" world which has Alla for its contriver, is
" much more wiſely formed than that which has
" been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude,
" contempt and hatred, I can now ſuffer; for
" perhaps I have deſerved them. When I ar-
" raigned the wiſdom of Providence, I only
" ſhowed my own ignorance: Henceforth let
" me keep from vice myſelf, and pity it in
" others."

He had ſcarce ended, when the genius, aſſuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vaniſhed in a whirlwind.

whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place where he first began to repine and despair: His right foot had just been advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water side in tranquillity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain: And a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence and ease.

ESSAY XVII.

IT is allowed on all hands, that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education, by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession in Europe. In general, also, it may be observed, that a greater degree of gentility is annexed to the character of a student in England, than elsewhere; by which means, our

clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and of sooner wearing off those prejudices young men are apt to imbibe even in the best regulated universities, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the wise.

Yet, with all these advantages, it is very obvious, that the clergy are no where so little thought of by the populace as here; and, tho' our divines are foremost, with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry: The vulgar, in general, appearing no way impressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for whining at the depravity of the times, or for endeavoring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature: But certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me, when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind, in other countries, testify, on every occasion, the profoundest awe of religion; while in England, they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct, foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution. May not the vulgar, being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities; and they who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral

lateral motives to virtue, the vulgar ſhould be particularly regarded, whoſe behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Thoſe who conſtitute the baſis of the great fabric of ſociety, ſhould be particularly regarded; for, in policy, as in architecture, ruin is moſt fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real ſenſe and underſtanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity; and, fearing to out do their duty, leave it half done. Their diſcourſes from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical and unaffecting; delivered with the moſt inſipid calmneſs; inſomuch, that, ſhould the peaceful preacher lift up his head over the cuſhion, which alone he ſeems to addreſs, he might diſcover his audience, inſtead of being awakened to remorſe, actually ſleeping over his methodical and labored compoſition.

This method of preaching is, however, by ſome called an addreſs to reaſon and not to the paſſions; this is ſtyled the making of converts from conviction. But ſuch are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not ſenſible, that men ſeldom reaſon about their debaucheries till they are committed. Reaſon is but a weak antagoniſt, when headlong paſſion dictates: In all ſuch caſes we ſhould arm one paſſion againſt another. It is with the human mind as in nature, from the mixture of two oppoſites, the reſult is moſt frequently neutral tranquillity. Thoſe who attempt to reaſon us out of our follies begin at the wrong end, ſince the attempt naturally preſuppoſes us capable of reaſon;

reaſon; but, to be made capable of this, is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requiſite to become a popular preacher; for the people are eaſily pleaſed, if they perceive any endeavors in the orator to pleaſe them: The meaneſt qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher ſincerely ſets about it. Perhaps little, indeed very little more is required, than ſincerity and aſſurance; and a becoming ſincerity is always certain of producing a becoming aſſurance. "*Si vis me "flere, dolendum eſt primum tibi ipſi,*" is ſo trite a quotation, that it almoſt demands an apology to repeat it. Yet, though all allow the juſtice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice! Our orators, with the moſt faulty baſhfulneſs, ſeem impreſſed rather with an awe of their audience, than with a juſt reſpect for the truths they are about to deliver; they, of all profeſſions, ſeem the moſt baſhful, who have the greateſt right to glory in their commiſſion.

The French preachers generally aſſume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambaſſadors from Chriſt: The Engliſh divines, like erroneous envoys, ſeem more ſolicitous not to offend the court to which they are ſent than to drive home the intereſt of their employer. The biſhop of Maſſillon, in the firſt ſermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a diſpoſition no way favourable to his intentions. Their nods, whiſpers, or drowſy behaviour, ſhowed him that there was no great profit to be expected from

from his ſowing in a ſoil ſo improper. However he ſoon changed the diſpoſition of his audience, by his manner of beginning, "If," ſays he, "a cauſe the moſt important that could be "conceived, were to be tried at the bar before "qualified judges; if this cauſe intereſted our-"ſelves in particular; if the eyes of the whole "kingdom were fixed upon the event; if the "moſt eminent counſel were employed on both "ſides; and if we had heard from our infancy "of this yet undetermined trial, would you not "all ſit with due attention, and warm expecta-"tion, to the pleadings on each ſide? Would "not all your hopes and fears be hinged upon "the final deciſion? And yet, let me tell you, "you have this moment a cauſe of much great-"er importance before you; a cauſe where, not "one nation, but all the world are ſpectators; "tried, not before a fallible tribunal, but the "awful throne of Heaven; where, not your "temporal and tranſitory intereſts are the ſub-"ject of debate, but your eternal happineſs or "miſery, where the cauſe is ſtill undetermined: "But, perhaps the very moment I am ſpeaking "may fix the irrevocable decree that ſhall laſt "forever; and yet, notwithſtanding all this, "you can hardly ſit with patience to hear the "tidings of your own ſalvation. I plead the "cauſe of Heaven, and yet I am ſcarcely at-"tended to," &c.

The ſtyle, the abruptneſs of a beginning like this, in the cloſet would appear abſurd; but in the pulpit, it is attended with the moſt laſting

impreſſions: That ſtyle which, in the cloſet, might juſtly be called ſlimſy, ſeems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine compoſition, under the title of ſermon, that I do not think the author has miſcalled his piece; for the talents to be uſed in writing well, entirely differ from thoſe of ſpeaking well. The qualifications for ſpeaking, as has been already obſerved, are eaſily acquired; they are accompliſhments which may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of ſtooping. Impreſſed with a ſenſe of the truths he is about to deliver, a preacher diſregards the applauſe or the contempt of his audience, and he inſenſibly aſſumes a juſt and manly ſincerity. With this talent alone we ſee what crowds are drawn around enthuſiaſts, even deſtitute of common ſenſe; what numbers converted to chriſtianity. Folly may ſometimes ſet an example for wiſdom to practiſe; and our regular divines may borrow inſtruction even from methodiſts, who go their circuits, and preach prizes among the populace. Even Whitefield may be placed as a model to ſome of our young divines; let them join to their own good ſenſe his earneſt manner of delivery.

It will perhaps be objected, that by confining the excellencies of a preacher to proper aſſurance, earneſtneſs, and openneſs of ſtyle, I make the qualifications too trifling for eſtimation; there will be ſomething called oratory brought up on this occaſion; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as abſolute-

ly

ly neceſſary to complete the character. But let us not be deceived. Common ſenſe is ſeldom ſwayed by fine tones, muſical periods, juſt attitude, or the diſplay of a white handkerchief: Oratorial behaviour, except in very able hands indeed, generally ſinks into awkward and paltry affectation.

It muſt be obſerved, however, that theſe rules are calculated only for him who would inſtruct the vulgar, who ſtand in need of inſtruction. To addreſs philoſophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite—a much more uſeleſs, tho' more ſought for character—requires a different method of proceeding. All I ſhall obſerve on this head, is, to intreat the polemic divine, in his controverſy with the deiſts, to act rather offenſively than to defend; to puſh home the grounds of this belief, and the impracticability of theirs, rather than to ſpend time in ſolving the objections of every opponent. "It is ten to one," ſays a late writer on the art of war, "but that the aſ-"ſailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches, "is always victorious."

Yet, upon the whole, our clergy might employ themſelves more to the buſineſs of ſociety, by declining all controverſy, than by exhibiting even the profoundeſt ſkill in polemic diſputes: Their contests with each other often turn on ſpeculative trifles; and their diſputes with the deiſts are almoſt at an end, ſince they can have no more than victory; and that they are already poſſeſſed of, as their antagoniſts have been

been driven into a confeſſion of the neceſſity of revelation, or an open avowal of atheiſm. To continue the diſpute longer, would only endanger it: The ſceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himſelf unable to continue; "and, like an Olympic boxer, general-"ly fights beſt when undermoſt."

ESSAY XVIII.

I HAVE frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almoſt all the European travellers, who have penetrated any conſiderable way eaſtward into Aſia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce or piety, and their accounts are ſuch as might reaſonably be expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education, the dictates of ſuperſtition, or the reſult of ignorance. Is it not ſurpriſing, that, of ſuch a variety of adventurers, not one ſingle philoſopher ſhould be found among the number? For as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an impoſture.

There is ſcarce any country, how rude or uncultivated ſoever, where the inhabitants are not poſſeſſed of ſome peculiar ſecrets, either in nature or art, which might be tranſplanted with ſucceſs. Thus, for inſtance, in Siberian Tartary, the natives extract a ſtrong ſpirit from milk, which is a ſecret unknown to the chymiſts

of

of Europe. In the moſt ſavage parts of India they are poſſeſſed of the ſecret of dying vegetable ſubſtances ſcarlet, and likewiſe that of refining lead into a metal, which, for hardneſs and colour, is little inferior to ſilver; not one of which ſecrets but would, in Europe, make a man's fortune. The power of the Aſiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, becauſe they have no inſtances of the like nature among themſelves: But they would have treated the ſecrets of gunpowder and the mariner's compaſs in the ſame manner, had they been told the Chineſe uſed ſuch arts, before the invention was common with themſelves at home.

Of all the Engliſh philoſophers, I moſt reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius. He it is who, undaunted by the ſeeming difficulties that oppoſe, prompts human curioſity to examine every part of nature; and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot ſubject the tempeſt, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human control. Oh! had a man of his daring ſpirit, of his genius, penetration and learning, travelled to thoſe countries which have been viſited only by the ſuperſtitious and mercenary, What might not mankind expect! how would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! and What a variety of knowledge and uſeful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There

There is probably no country ſo barbarous that would not diſcloſe all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a perſon, who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling, ſhould only be to ſuit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he converſed: He ſhould not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar aſtronomy, nor yet inſtruct the polite Chineſe in the arts of ſubſiſtence: He ſhould endeavor to improve the barbarian in the ſecrets of living comfortably: And the inhabitant of a more refined country in the ſpeculative pleaſures of ſcience. How much more nobly would a philoſopher, thus employed, ſpend his time, than by ſitting at home, earneſtly intent upon adding one ſtar more to his catalogue, or one monſter more to his collection? or ſtill, if poſſible, more triflingly ſedulous in the incatenation of fleas, or the ſculpture of cherry ſtones?

I never conſider this ſubject, without being ſurpriſed that none of thoſe ſocieties, ſo laudably eſtabliſhed in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of ſending one of their members into the moſt eaſtern parts of Aſia, to make what diſcoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of ſuch an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers. It will there be found, that they are as often deceived themſelves, as they attempt to deceive others. The

merchants

merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the propereſt manner for an European to preſerve his health in the country. The miſſionary, on the other hand, informs us with what pleaſure the country to which he was ſent embraced Chriſtianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there were no fiſh, or the ſhift he made to celebrate the rites of his religion, in places where there were neither bread nor wine: Such accounts, with the uſual appendages of marriages and funerals, inſcriptions, rivers and mountains, make up the whole of an European traveller's diary: But as to all the ſecrets of which the inhabitants are poſſeſſed, thoſe are univerſally attributed to magic; and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he ſees performed, he very contentedly aſcribes them to the devil.

It was an uſual obſervation of Boyle, the Engliſh chymiſt, that if every artiſt would but diſcover what new obſervations occurred to him in the exerciſe of his trade, philoſophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be obſerved, with ſtill greater juſtice, that if the uſeful knowledge of every country, howſoever barbarous, was gleaned by a judicious obſerver, the advantages would be ineſtimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many uſeful inventions, known or practiſed but in one place? The inſtrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious

peditious, in my opinion, than the ſickle uſed in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar, without previous fermentation, is known only in a part of France. If ſuch diſcoveries therefore remain ſtill to be known at home, what funds of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only paſſed through by ignorant travellers in haſty caravans?

The caution with which foreigners are received into Aſia, may be alleged as an objection to ſuch a deſign. But how readily have ſeveral European merchants found admiſſion into regions the moſt ſuſpicious, under the character of Sanjapans or northern pilgrims! To ſuch, not even China itſelf denies acceſs.

To ſend out a traveller properly qualified for theſe purpoſes, might be an object of national concern: It would in ſome meaſure, repair the breaches made by ambition; and might ſhow that there were ſtill ſome who boaſted a greater name than that of patriots, who profeſſed themſelves lovers of men.

The only difficulty would remain in chooſing a proper perſon for ſo arduous an enterpriſe. He ſhould be a man of a philoſophic turn, one apt to deduce conſequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither ſwoln with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular ſyſtem, nor inſtructed only in one particular ſcience: Neither wholly a botaniſt, nor quite an antiquarian. His mind ſhould be tinctured with miſcellaneous knowledge,

edge, and his manners humanized by an intercourſe with men. He ſhould be in ſome meaſure, an enthuſiaſt to the deſign; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change: Furniſhed with a body capable of ſuſtaining every fatigue, and a heart not eaſily terrified at danger.

ESSAY XIX.

THE improvements we make in mental acquirements, only render us each day more ſenſible of the defects of our conſtitution: With this in view, therefore, let us often recur to the amuſements of youth; endeavor to forget age and wiſdom, and, as far as innocence goes, be as much a boy as the beſt of them.

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age: But, in my opinion, every age is the ſame. This I am ſure of, that man, in every ſeaſon, is a poor fretful being, with no other means to eſcape the calamities of the times, but by endeavoring to forget them; for, if he attempts to reſiſt, he is certainly undone. If I feel poverty and pain, I am not ſo hardy as to quarrel with the executioner, even while under correction: I find myſelf no way diſpoſed to make fine ſpeeches, while I am making wry faces. In a word, let me drink when the fit is

on, to make me inſenſible; and drink when it is over, for joy that I feel pain no longer.

The character of old Falſtaff, even with all his faults, gives me more conſolation than the moſt ſtudied efforts of wiſdom: I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and ſhowing me the way to be young at ſixty five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not ſo comical as he.—Is it not in my power to have, though not ſo much wit, at leaſt as much vivacity?—Age, care, wiſdom, reflection, be gone—I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle: Here's to the memory of Shakeſpear, Falſtaff, and all the merry men of Eaſtcheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally aroſe while I ſat at the Boar's Head tavern ſtill kept at Eaſtcheap. Here, by a pleaſant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falſtaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was ſometimes honored by Prince Henry, and ſometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I ſat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wiſhed to be young again; but was reſolved to make the beſt of life while it laſted, and now and then compared paſt and preſent times together. I conſidered myſelf as the only living repreſentative of the old knight, and tranſported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not diſguſting. The room alſo conſpired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: The oak floor, the Gothic windows,

and

and the ponderous chimney piece, had long withſtood the tooth of time; the watchmen had gone twelve; my companions had all ſtolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wiſhed to know the hiſtory of a tavern that had ſuch a long ſucceſſion of cuſtomers. I could not help thinking, that an account of this kind would be a pleaſing contraſt of the manners of different ages; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and ſot, and tell a tedious ſtory, as moſt other landlords uſually do; and though he ſaid nothing, yet was never ſilent: One good joke followed another good joke; and the beſt joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at laſt, however, his wine and his converſation operate by degrees: He inſenſibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat ſeemed quilted into a ruff, and his breeches ſwelled into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing ſexes: And, as my eyes began to cloſe in ſlumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, ſleep made but few changes in my ſituation: The tavern, the apartment, and the table continued as before; nothing ſuffered mutation but my hoſt, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be Dame Quickly, miſtreſs of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking, ſeemed converted into ſack and ſugar.

"My

"My dear Mrs. Quickly," cried I, (for I knew her perfectly well at firſt ſight) "I am "heartily glad to ſee you. How have you left "Falſtaff, Piſtol, and the reſt of our friends be-"low ſtairs? Brave and hearty I hope?" "In "good ſooth," replied ſhe, "he did deſerve to "live forever; but he maketh foul work on't "where he hath flitted. Queen Proſerpine and "he have quarrelled, for his attempting a rape "upon her divinity; and were it not that ſhe "ſtill had bowels of compaſſion; it more than "ſeems probable he might have been now "ſprawling in Tartarus.

I now found that ſpirits ſtill preſerve the frailties of the fleſh; and that, according to the laws of criticiſm and dreaming, ghoſts have been known to be guilty of even more than Platonic affection: Wherefore, as I found her too much moved on ſuch a topic to proceed, I was reſolved to change the ſubject; and, deſiring ſhe would pledge me in a bumper, obſerved, with a ſigh, that our ſack was nothing now to what it was in former days: "Ah, Mrs. Quickly, thoſe were merry times, when you drew ſack for Prince Henry; men were twice as ſtrong, and twice as wiſe, and much braver, and ten thouſand times more charitable than now. Thoſe were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed! Ever ſince that, we have only been degenerating: And I have lived to ſee the day when drinking is no longer faſhionable; when men wear clean ſhirts, and women ſhow their necks and arms. All

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are degenerated, Mrs. Quickly; and we ſhall probably, in another century, be frittered away into beaux or monkies. Had you been on earth to ſee what I have ſeen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your ſoul I mean.) Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in ſpite of what is every day remonſtrated from the preſs; our very nobility, I ſay, have the aſſurance to frequent aſſemblies, and preſume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have ſcarce manhood enough to ſit to it till eleven; and I only am left to make a night on't. Pr'ythee do me the favor to conſole me a little for their abſence, by the ſtory of your own adventures, or the hiſtory of the tavern where we are now ſitting: I fancy the narrative may have ſomething ſingular."

"Obſerve this apartment," interrupted my companion, "of neat device and excellent workmanſhip—In this room I have lived, child, woman and ghoſt, more than three hundred years. I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual regiſter of every tranſaction that paſſed here; and I have whilom compoſed three hundred tomes, which eftſoons may be ſubmitted to thy regards." "None of your whiloms or eftſoons, Mrs. Quickly, if you pleaſe," I replied: "I know you can talk every whit as well as I can; for, as you have lived here ſo long, it is but natural to ſuppoſe you ſhould learn the converſation of the company. Believe me, dame, at beſt, you have neither too much ſenſe, or too much language to ſpare; ſo give me both

as well as you can: But, firſt, my ſervice to you; old women ſhould water their clay a little now and then; and now to your ſtory."

"The ſtory of my own adventures," replied the viſion, "is but ſhort and unſatisfactory; for believe me, Mr. Rigmarole, believe me, a woman with a butt of ſack at her elbow, is never long lived. Sir John's death afflicted me to ſuch a degree, that I ſincerely believe, to drown ſorrow, I drank more liquor myſelf than I drew for my cuſtomers: My grief was ſincere, and the ſack was excellent. The prior of a neighboring convent (for our priors then had as much power as a Middleſex juſtice now) he, I ſay, it was who gave a licence for keeping a diſorderly houſe; upon condition, that I ſhould never make hard bargains with the clergy; that he ſhould have a bottle of ſack every morning, and the liberty of confeſſing which of my girls he thought proper in private, every night. I had continued, for ſeven years, to pay his tribute; and he, it muſt be confeſſed, continued as rigorouſly to expect it. I grew old inſenſibly: My cuſtomers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by; but I could hear them ſay I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, ſtill was conſtant, and ſo were half his convent: But one fatal morning he miſſed the uſual beverage; for I had incautiouſly drank over night the laſt bottle myſelf. What will you have on't?—The very next day Doll Tearſheet and I were ſent to the houſe of correction, and accuſed of keeping a

low

low bawdy houſe. In ſhort, we were ſo well purified there with ſtripes, mortification and penance, that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly converſation. Though ſack would have killed me, had I ſtuck to it, yet I ſoon died for want of a drop of ſomething comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

"Such is my own hiſtory; but that of the tavern, where I have ever ſince been ſtationed, affords greater variety. In the hiſtory of this, which is one of the oldeſt in London, you may view the different manners, pleaſures, and follies of men at different periods. You will find mankind neither better nor worſe now than formerly; the vices of an uncivilized people are generally more deteſtable, though not ſo frequent, as thoſe in polite ſociety. It is the ſame luxury which formerly ſtuffed your aldermen with plumb porridge, and now crams him with turtle. It is the ſame low ambition that formerly induced a courtier to give up his religion to pleaſe his king, and now perſuades him to give up his conſcience to pleaſe his maſter. It is the ſame vanity that formerly ſtained our ladies' cheeks and necks with woad, and now paints them with carmine. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like brick duſt, in order to appear frightful: Your modern Briton cuts his hair on the crown, and plaſters it with hog's lard and flour; and this to make him look killing. It is the ſame vanity, the ſame folly and the ſame vice, only

appearing

appearing different, as viewed through the glaſs of faſhion. In a word, all mankind are—"

"Sure the woman is dreaming," interrupted I. "None of your reflections Mrs. Quickly, if you love me; they only give me the ſpleen. Tell me your hiſtory at once. I love ſtories, but hate reaſoning."

"If you pleaſe, then Sir," returned my companion, "I'll read you an abſtract which I made of the three hundred volumes I mentioned juſt now.

"My body was no ſooner laid in the duſt than the prior and ſeveral of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which they ſaid I had filled it. Maſſes were ſaid in every room, reliques were expoſed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole houſe waſhed with a deluge of holy water. My habitation was ſoon converted into a monaſtery; inſtead of cuſtomers now applying for ſack and ſugar, my rooms were crowded with images, reliques, ſaints, whores and friars; inſtead of being a ſcene of occaſional debauchery, it was now filled with continual lewdneſs. The prior led the faſhion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confeſs their ſins and to commit new. Virgins came hither, who ſeldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked; every convent, at that period, was equally fond of pleaſure, and gave a boundleſs looſe to appetite. The laws allowed it; each prieſt had a right to a favorite companion, and a power of

diſcarding

discarding her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors, and maintained them in opulence and ease. These, these were happy times, Mr. Rigmarole: These were times of piety, bravery and simplicity!" "Not so very happy neither, good madam; pretty much like the present: Those that labor, starve; and those that do nothing, wear fine clothes, and live in luxury."

"In this manner the fathers lived, for some years, without molestation: They transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came in upon them, and testified all the indignation that was natural upon such an occasion. The prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who had put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain, that she was under the influence of magic, or she should never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were the tribunals of those days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before an assembly of priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candor. What plea then do you think the prior made to

obviate

obviate this accuſation? He denied the fact, and challenged the plaintiff to try the merits of their cauſe by ſingle combat. It was a little hard, you may be ſure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain; yet ſuch was the juſtice of the times. The prior threw down his glove, and the injured huſband was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge.

"Upon this the prieſt ſupplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to cuſtom, were put in priſon; both ordered to faſt and pray, every method being previouſly uſed to induce both to a confeſſion of the truth. After a month's impriſonment, the hair of each was cut, the bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed and guarded by ſoldiers, while his majeſty preſided over the whole in perſon. Both the champions were ſworn not to ſeek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confeſſed upon their knees; and after theſe ceremonies, the reſt was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the companion whom the prior had pitched upon, had fought ſix or eight times upon ſimilar occaſions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the preſent combat. In ſhort, the huſband was diſcomfited: He was taken from the field of battle, ſtripped to the ſhirt, and, after one of his legs was cut off, as juſtice ordained in ſuch caſes, he was hanged as a terror

to future offenders. Theſe, theſe were the times, Mr. Rigmarole! you ſee how much more juſt, and wiſe, and valiant, our anceſtors were than us." "I rather fancy, Madam, that the times were then pretty much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws gives a judge as much power as a want of law; ſince he is ever ſure to find among the number ſome to countenance his partiality."

"Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a looſe to the demonſtration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made a biſhop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations and fire works that were made on the preſent occaſion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics ſo much as ours. Ladies of the firſt diſtinction choſe from our convent their confeſſors; in ſhort, it flouriſhed, and might have flouriſhed to this hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its overthrow. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to viſit for ſome time with great punctuality, began at laſt to perceive that ſhe was quite forſaken. Secluded from converſation, as uſual, ſhe now entertained the viſions of a devotee; found herſelf ſtrangely diſturbed; but heſitated in determining whether ſhe was poſſeſſed by an angel or a demon. She was not long in ſuſpenſe; for upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards,

outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech; and, when she seemed to speak, every body that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched; and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and the monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply; for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop; and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out. The devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior; that, by his command, he resided in his present habitation; and that, without his command, he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist; he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft; the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by, who had heard the devil talk Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses: The prior was condemned; and he who had assisted at so many burnings, was burned himself in turn. These were times, Mr. Rigmarole; the people of these times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers!"—"Equally faulty with ourselves: They believed

what

what the devil was pleaſed to tell them; and we ſeem reſolved, at laſt, to believe neither God nor devil."

After ſuch a ſtain upon the convent, it was not to be ſuppoſed it could ſubſiſt any longer; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the houſe was once again converted into a tavern. The king conferred it on one of his caſt off miſtreſſes: She was conſtituted landlady by royal authority; and, as the tavern was in the neighborhood of the court, and the miſtreſs a very polite woman, it began to have more buſineſs than ever, and ſometimes took not leſs than four ſhillings a day.

"But perhaps you are deſirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of women of faſhion at that period; and in a deſcription of the preſent landlady, you will have a tolerable idea of all the reſt. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and had received ſuch an education in the country as became her quality, beauty and great expectations. She could make ſhifts and hoſe for herſelf and all the ſervants of the family, when ſhe was twelve years old. She knew the names of the four and twenty letters, ſo it was impoſſible to bewitch her; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and ſaw breakfaſt ſerved in the great hall by ſix o'clock. At this ſcene of feſtivity ſhe generally improved good humour, by telling her dreams, relating ſtories of ſpirits, ſeveral of which ſhe herſelf had ſeen;

and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black hafted knife. From thence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweethearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling with her for kisses. About ten, Miss generally went to play at hotcockles and blindman's buff in the parlour; and when the young folks (for they seldom played at hotcockles when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentlemen entertained Miss with the history of their grey hounds, bear baitings and victories at cudgel playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, shot at butts, while Miss held in her hand a ribbon, with which she adorned the conqueror. Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant Killer, could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies, knew a witch at first sight, and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable; her arms and her hair were completely covered; a monstrous ruff was put round her neck; so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so very modest, that she discovered little more than her nose. These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole, when every lady that had a good nose might set up for a beauty; when every woman that could tell stories might be cried

up

up for a wit." "I am as much displeased at those dresses which conceal too much, as at those which discover too much. I am equally an enemy to a female dunce, or a female pedant."

"You may be sure that Miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own; she pitched upon a courtier, equally remarkable for hunting and drinking, who had given several proofs of his great virility among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight, (for such was the gallantry of the times) were married, came to court, and Madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king's command; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions in his wife to the sovereign whom God had anointed to commit adultery where he thought proper. The king loved her for some time; but, at length, repenting of his misdeeds, and instigated by his father confessor, from a principle of conscience removed her from his levee to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprise you to behold the mistress of a king degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no mental accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal couch: And she who was this day a royal mistress, might, the next, when her beauty palled upon enjoyment, be doomed to infamy and want.

"Under the care of this lady, the tavern grew into great reputation: The courtiers had not

not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking. Drunkenneſs is ever the vice of a barbarous, and gaming of a luxurious age. They had not ſuch frequent entertainments as the moderns have, but were more expenſive and more luxurious in thoſe they had. All their ſcoleries were more elaborate, and more admired by the great and the vulgar than now. A courtier has been known to ſpend his whole fortune at a ſingle feaſt; a king to mortgage his dominions, to furniſh out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery; and to be ſober at ſuch times, was reputed a crime. Kings themſelves ſet the example; and I have ſeen monarchs in this room drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. Theſe were the times, Sir, when kings kept miſtreſſes, and got drunk in publick: They were too plain and ſimple in thoſe happy times, to hide their vices, and act the hypocrite, as now." "Lord! Mrs. Quickly," interrupting her, "I expected to have heard a ſtory, and here you are going to tell me, I know not what, of times and vices; pr'ythee let me entreat thee once more to wave reflections, and give thy hiſtory without deviation."

"No lady upon earth," continued my viſionary correſpondent, "knew how to put off her damaged wine or women with more art than ſhe. When theſe grew flat, or thoſe paltry, it was but changing the names; the wine became excellent, and the girls agreeable. She

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was alſo poſſeſſed of the engaging leer, the chuck under the chin, winked at a double entendre, could nick the opportunity of calling for ſomething comfortable, and perfectly underſtood the diſcreet moments when to withdraw. The gallants of thoſe times pretty much reſembled the bloods of ours; they were fond of pleaſure, but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it. Thus, a court bawd of thoſe times reſembled the common low lived harridan of a modern bagnio. Witneſs, ye powers of debauchery, how often I have been preſent at the various appearances of drunkenneſs, riot, guilt and brutality! A tavern is a true picture of human infirmity: In hiſtory we find only one ſide of the age exhibited to our view; but, in the accounts of a tavern, we ſee every age equally abſurd and equally vicious.

"Upon this lady's deceaſe, the tavern was ſucceſſively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps and gameſters. Towards the concluſion of the reign of Henry VII. gaming was more univerſally practiſed in England than even now. Kings themſelves have been known to play off, at Primero, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The laſt Henry played away in this very room, not only the four great bells of St. Paul's cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul, which ſtood on the top of the ſpire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and ſold them by auction. Have you then any cauſe to regret being born in the

times you now live? Or do you ſtill believe that human nature continues to run on declining every age? If we obſerve the actions of the buſy part of mankind, your anceſtors will be found infinitely more groſs, ſervile, and even diſhoneſt, than you. If, forſaking hiſtory, we only trace them in their hours of amuſement and diſſipation, we ſhall find them more ſenſual, more entirely devoted to pleaſure, and infinitely more ſelfiſh.

"The laſt hoſteſs of note I find upon record, was Jane Rouſe. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and, by frugality and extreme complaiſance, contrived to acquire a moderate fortune. This ſhe might have enjoyed for many years, had ſhe not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbors, a woman who was in high repute for ſanctity through the whole pariſh. In the times of which I ſpeak, two women ſeldom quarrelled, that one did not accuſe the other of witchcraft; and ſhe who firſt contrived to vomit crooked pins, was ſure to come off victorious. The ſcandal of a modern tea table differs widely from the ſcandal of former times. The faſcination of a lady's eyes, at preſent, is regarded as a compliment; but, if a lady, formerly, ſhould be accuſed of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better both for her ſoul and body that ſhe had no eyes at all.

"In ſhort, Jane Rouſe was accuſed of witchcraft; and, though ſhe made the beſt defence ſhe could, it was all to no purpoſe; ſhe

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was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned and executed accordingly. Theſe were times indeed! when even women could not ſcold in ſafety.

"Since her time, the tavern underwent ſeveral revolutions, according to the ſpirit of the times, or the diſpoſition of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthuſiaſts. It was one year noted for harboring whigs, and the next, infamous for a retreat to tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at preſent it ſeems declining. This only may be remarked in general, that, whenever taverns flouriſh moſt, the times are then moſt extravagant and luxurious."

"Lord! Mrs. Quickly," interrupted I, "you have really deceived me; I expected a romance, and here you have been this half hour giving me only a deſcription of the ſpirit of the times. If you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, ſeek ſome other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to ſtories."

I had ſcarce concluded, when my eyes and ears ſeemed opened to my landlord, who had been all this while giving me an account of the repairs he had made in the houſe; and was now got into the ſtory of the cracked glaſs in the dining room.

ESSAY

ESSAY XX.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the Engliſh in other ſciences, they ſeem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is ſcarcely a diſorder incident to humanity, againſt which our advertiſing doctors are not poſſeſſed with a moſt infallible antidote. The profeſſors of other arts confeſs the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with heſitation: But doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertiſing profeſſors here, delight in caſes of difficulty: Be the diſorder never ſo deſperate or radical, you will find numbers in every ſtreet, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promiſe a certain cure without loſs of time, knowledge of a bed fellow, or hindrance of buſineſs.

When I conſider the aſſiduity of this profeſſion, their benevolence amazes me. They not only, in general, give their medicines for half value, but uſe the moſt perſuaſive remonſtrances to induce the ſick to come and be cured. Sure there muſt be ſomething ſtrangely obſtinate in an Engliſh patient, who refuſes ſo much health upon ſuch eaſy terms! Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropſy? Does he find pleaſure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? or feel as much ſatisfaction in nurſing up the gout, as he found pleaſure in acquiring it? He muſt; otherwiſe he would never reject ſuch repeated aſſurances of inſtant relief.

lief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the ſick are invited to be well? The doctor firſt begs the moſt earneſt attention of the publick to what he is going to propoſe; he ſolemnly affirms, the pill was never found to want ſucceſs; he produces a liſt of thoſe who have been reſcued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithſtanding all this there are many here, who now and then think proper to be ſick:—Only ſick, did I ſay!—There are ſome who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die; though they might have purchaſed the health reſtoring ſpecifick for half a crown at every corner.

I can never enough admire the ſagacity of this country for the encouragement given to the profeſſors of this art. With what indulgence does ſhe foſter up thoſe of her own growth, and kindly cheriſh thoſe that come from abroad! Like a ſkilful gardener, ſhe invites them from every foreign climate to herſelf. Here every great exotick ſtrikes root as ſoon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour: While the mighty metropolis, like one vaſt munificent dunghill, receives them indiſcriminately to her breaſt, and ſupplies each with more than native nouriſhment.

In other countries the phyſician pretends to cure diſorders in the lump: The ſame doctor who combats the gout in the toe, ſhall pretend to preſcribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a conſumption, ſhall at another give drugs for a dropſy. How abſurd

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and ridiculous! This is being a mere Jack of all trades. Is the animal machine leſs complicated than a braſs pin? Not leſs than ten different hands are required to make a braſs pin; and ſhall the body be ſet right by one ſingle operator?

The Engliſh are ſenſible of the force of this reaſoning: They have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have their ſciatica doctors, and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modeſtly content with ſecuring them from bug bites, and five hundred who preſcribe for the bite of mad dogs.

But as nothing pleaſes curioſity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I muſt preſent you, inadequate as my abilities are to the ſubject, with an account of one or two of thoſe perſonages who lead in this honorable profeſſion.

The firſt upon the liſt of glory, is doctor Richard Rock, F. U. N. This great man is ſhort of ſtature; is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three tailed wig, nicely combed, and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never: It is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary perſonage ſhould never wear a hat; but ſo it is, a hat he never wears. He is uſually drawn at the top of his own bills, ſitting in his arm chair holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb and ſurrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallypots. No man can promiſe fairer or better than he; for,

for, as he obſerves, "Be your diſorder never ſo far gone, be under no uneaſineſs, make yourſelf quite eaſy, I can cure you.

The next in fame, though by ſome reckoned of equal pretenſions, is Doctor Timothy Franks, F. O. G. H. living in the Old Baily. As Rock is remarkably ſquab, his great rival Franks is remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Chriſtian era 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly ſixty eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has no wiſe impaired his uſual health and vivacity: I am told he generally walks with his breaſt open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming aſſurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Doctor Rock, none are more bleſſed with the advantages of face than Doctor Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almoſt aſhamed to mention it.—Let the foibles of the great reſt in peace—Yet I muſt impart the whole—Theſe two great men are actually now at variance; like mere men, mere common mortals. Rock adviſes the world to beware of bog trotting quacks; Franks retorts the wit and the ſarcaſm, by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumpling Dick! He calls the ſerious Doctor Rock, Dumpling Dick! Head of Confucius, what profanation! Dumpling Dick! What a pity, ye powers, that the learned, who were born mutually to aſſiſt in enlightening the world,

ſhould

ſhould thus differ among themſelves, and make even the profeſſion ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at leaſt, for two great perſonages to figure in: Men of ſcience ſhould leave controverſy to the little world below them; and then we might ſee Rock and Franks walking together, hand in hand, ſmiling, onward to immortality.

ESSAY XXI.

I AM fond of amuſement in whatever company it is be found; and wit, though dreſſed in rags, is very pleaſing to me. I went ſome days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and thoſe who ſtayed, ſeemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite, than gain one. I ſat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was ſeated a man in very ſhabby clothes.

We continued to groan, hem and to cough, as uſual upon ſuch occaſions; and, at laſt, ventured upon converſation. "I beg pardon, ſir," cried I, "but I think I have ſeen you before; your face is familiar to me." "Yes, ſir," replied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You muſt underſtand, ſir, that I have been

been theſe ſixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet ſhow. Laſt Bartholomew fair my maſter and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted: He to ſell his puppets to the pincuſhion makers in Roſemary lane, and I to ſtarve in St. Jame's Park."

"I am ſorry, ſir, that a perſon of your appearance ſhould labor under any difficulties." "O ſir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your ſervice; but, though I cannot boaſt of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: If I had twenty thouſand a year, I ſhould be merry; and, thank the fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry ſtill. If I have three pence in my pocket, I never refuſe to be my three halfpence; and if I have no money, I never ſcorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, ſir, of a ſteak and a tankard? You ſhall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuſe a ſmall expenſe for the ſake of a merry companion, we inſtantly adjourned to a neighboring alehouſe; and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard, and a ſmoaking ſteak ſpread on the table before us. It is impoſſible to expreſs how much the ſight of ſuch good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this dinner, ſir," ſays he, "for three reaſons: Firſt, becauſe I am naturally fond of beef; ſecondly, becauſe I am hungry; and, thirdly and laſtly, becauſe I get it for nothing: No

meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; "and yet, sir," returned he, "bad as it was, it seemed a rump steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very fondlings of nature; the rich she treats like an arrant step mother; they are pleased with nothing: Cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles—even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar: Calvert's butt out tastes champaigne, and Sedgeley's home brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood; though our estates lie no where, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content; I have no lands there: If the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness; I am no Jew." The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances: And I entreated that he should indulge my desire—"That I will, Sir," said he, "and welcome; only let us drink, to prevent our sleeping; let us have another tankard, while we are awake; for ah, how charming a tankard looks when full!

"You must know, then, that I am very well descended: My ancesters have made some noise

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in the world; for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum: I am told, we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot shew so respectful a genealogy: But that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of a drummer to a puppet show. Thus, the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and king Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for musick; so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentlemen: Besides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours: Now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

"The life of a soldier soon therefore gave me the spleen. I asked leave to quit the service; but as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as

fond

fond of drinking as I was; (Sir, my ſervice to you) and thoſe who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's diſcharges; in ſhort, he never anſwered my letter. What could be done? If I have not money, ſaid I to myſelf, to pay for my diſcharge, I muſt find an equivalent ſome other way; and that muſt be by running away. I deſerted, and it anſwered my purpoſe every bit as well as if I had bought my diſcharge.

"Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment: I ſold my ſoldier's clothes, bought worſe, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the moſt unfrequented roades paſſible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the pariſh, thrown from his horſe in a miry road, and almoſt ſmothered in the mud. He deſired my aſſiſtance; I gave it, and drew him out with ſome difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I always loved to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate aſked a hundred queſtions, and whoſe ſon I was; from whence I came, and whether I would be faithful? I anſwered him greatly to his ſatiſfaction; and gave myſelf one of the beſt characters in the world for ſobriety, (Sir, I have the honor of drinking your health) diſcretion and fidelity. To make a long ſtory ſhort, he wanted a ſervant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months. We did not much like each other: I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat: I loved a pretty girl, and

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the old woman, my fellow ſervant, was ill natured and ugly. As they endeavored to ſtarve me between them, I made a pious reſolution to prevent their committing murder. I ſtole the eggs as ſoon as they were laid; I emptied every unfiniſhed bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was ſure to diſappear; in ſhort, they found I would not do; ſo I was diſcharged one morning, and paid three ſhillings and ſix pence for two month's wages.

"While my money was getting ready, I employed myſelf in making preparations for my departure. Two hens were hatching in an out houſe: I went and took the eggs; and, not to ſeparate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapſack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money; and, with my knapſack on my back, and a ſtaff in my hand, I bade adieu, with tears in my eyes to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the houſe, when I heard behind me the cry of "Stop thief!" but this only increaſed my diſpatch: It would have been fooliſh to ſtop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold; I think I paſſed thoſe two months at the curate's without drinking. Come, the times are dry; and may this be my poiſon, if ever I ſpent two more pious, ſtupid months in all my life.

"Well, after travelling ſome days, whom ſhould I light upon but a company of ſtrolling players. The moment I ſaw them at a diſ-

tance, my heart warmed to them: I had a ſort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order. They were employed in ſettling their baggage which had been overturned in a narrow way: I offered my aſſiſtance, which they accepted; and we ſoon became ſo well acquainted, that they took me as a ſervant. This was a paradiſe to me: They ſung, danced, drank, eat and travelled, all at the ſame time. By the blood of the Mirables, I thought I had never lived till then. I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was ſpoken. They liked me as much as I liked them. I was a very good figure, as you ſee; and, though I was poor I was not modeſt.

"I love a ſtraggling life above all things in the world; ſometimes good, ſometimes bad; to be warm to day, and cold tomorrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it ſtands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenderden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we reſolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral proceſſion, the grave and the garden ſcene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any ſtage before; and I was to ſnuff the candles: All excellent in our way. We had figures enow, but the difficulty was to dreſs them. The ſame coat that ſerved Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, ſerved for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape ſufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat

petticoat and pall: A peſtle and mortar from a neighboring apothecary's, anſwered all the purpoſes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white ſheets, ſerved to fill up the proceſſion. In ſhort there were but three figures among us that might be ſaid to be dreſſed with any propriety; I mean the nurſe, the ſtarved apothecary and myſelf. Our performance gave univerſal ſatisfaction: The whole audience were enchanted with our powers.

"There is one rule by which a ſtrolling player may be ever ſecure of ſucceſs; that is, in our theatrical way of expreſſing it, to make a great deal of the character. To ſpeak and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people come to ſee: Natural ſpeaking, like ſweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and ſcarce leaves any taſte behind it; but being high in a part, reſembles vinegar, which grates upon the taſte, and one feels it while he is drinking. To pleaſe in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphaſis, flap the pockets, and labor like one in the falling ſickneſs: That is the way to work for applauſe; that is the way to gain it.

"As we received much reputation for our ſkill on this firſt exhibition, it was but natural for me to aſcribe part of this ſucceſs to myſelf: I ſnuffed the candles; and let me tell you, that, without a candle ſnuffer, the piece would loſe half its embelliſhments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houſes; but the evening before our intended departure,

parture, we gave out our very beſt piece, in which all our ſtrength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when behold one of our principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a ſtroke like thunder to our little company; they were reſolved to go in a body, to ſcold the man for falling ſick at ſo inconvenient a time, and that too of a diſorder that threatened to be expenſive: I ſeized the moment, and offered to act the part myſelf in his ſtead. The caſe was deſperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly ſat down with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me. (Sir, your health) and ſtudied the character, which was to be rehearſed the next day, and played ſoon after.

"I found my memory exceſſively helped by drinking: I learned my part with aſtoniſhing rapidity, and bade adieu to ſnuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had deſigned me for more noble employments, and I was reſolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearſe; and I informed my companions, maſters now no longer, of the ſurpriſing change I felt within me. Let the ſick man, ſaid I, be under no uneaſineſs to get well again; I'll fill his place to univerſal ſatisfaction: He may even die if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he ſhall never be miſſed. I rehearſed before them, ſtrutted, ranted, and received applauſe. They ſoon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were beſpoken.

Before

Before I aſcended the ſtage, however, I concluded within myſelf, that, as I brought money to the houſes, I ought to have my ſhare in the profits. Gentlemen, ſaid I, addreſſing our company, I don't pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with ſo much ingratitude: You have publiſhed my name in the bills with the utmoſt good nature; and, as affairs ſtand, cannot act without me: So, gentlemen, to ſhow you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwiſe I declare off: I'll brandiſh my ſnuffers, and clip candles as uſual. This was a very diſagreeable propoſal, but they found that it was impoſſible to refuſe it; t'was irreſiſtable, it was adamant: They conſented, and I went on in king Bajazet as my frowning brows bound with a ſtocking ſtuffed into a turban, while on my captiv'd arms I brandiſhed a jack chain.

Nature ſeemed to have fitted me for the part: I was tall, and had a loud voice. My very entrance excited univerſal applauſe. I looked round on the audience with a ſmile, and made a moſt low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very paſſionate part I invigorated my ſpirits with three full glaſſes (the tankard is almoſt out) of brandy. By Alla! it is almoſt inconceivable how I went through it: Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was ſometimes loud enough too, yet I was ſtill louder than he: But then, beſides, I had attitudes in abundance. In general, I kept my arms folded up thus, upon the pit of my ſtomach:

ach: It is the way at Drury Lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would ſink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits: In ſhort I came off like a prodigy; and ſuch was my ſucceſs, that I could raviſh the laurels even from a ſurloin of beef. The principal ladies and gentlemen of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my ſucceſs; one praiſed my voice, another my perſon. Upon my word, ſays the 'ſquire's lady, he will make one of the fineſt actors in Europe: I ſay it, and I think I am ſomething of a judge.—Praiſe in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we recieve it as a favor; but when it comes in great quantities, we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: Inſtead of thanking them, I internally applauded myſelf. We were deſired to give our piece a ſecond time: We obeyed; and I was applauded even more than before.

"At laſt we left the town, in order to be at a horſe race at ſome diſtance from thence. I ſhall never think of Tenderden without tears of gratitude and reſpect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of pla[illegible]ors. Come, let us drink their healths, [illegible]e, Sir. We quitted the town, I ſay; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle ſnuffer, and I quitted it a hero!—Such is the world; little to day and great to morrow. I could ſay a great deal more.

more upon that ſubject; ſomething truly ſublime upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give us both the ſpleen, and ſo I ſhall paſs it over.

"The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no ſmall diſappointment to our company: However, we were reſolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my uſual brilliancy. I ſincerely believe I ſhould have been the firſt actor in Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly froſt which piped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common ſtandard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed; if I but drew out my ſnuff box, the whole houſe was in a roar of rapture; when I exerciſed my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulſions.

"There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretenſions to taſte, which rendered her the indiſputable miſtreſs of the ceremonies wherever ſhe came. She was informed of my merits; every body praiſed me: yet ſhe refuſed at firſt going to ſee me. She could not conceive, ſhe ſaid, any ſtuff from a ſtroller; talked ſomething in praiſe of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her ſkill in enunciations, tones and cadences. She was at laſt, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me, what a judge was to

be

be present at my next exhibition. However, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury Lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter carrier. I opened my snuff box, took snuff: The lady was solemn, and so were the rest. I broke my cudgel on alderman Smuggler's back, still gloomy, melancholy all. The lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders. I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy. I found it would not do. All my good humor now, became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eye shewed the agony of my heart. In short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was. My fame expired; I am here; and—the tankard is no more!"

ESSAY XXII.

WHEN Catharina Alexowna was made empress of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage; but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe. She altered the women's dress by substituting

ſubſtituting the faſhions of England. Inſtead of furs, ſhe brought in the uſe of taffeta and damaſk; and cornets and commodes inſtead of caps and ſable. The women now found themſelves no longer ſhut up in ſeparate apartments, but ſaw company, viſited each other, and were preſent at every entertainment.

But as the laws to this effect were directed to a ſavage people, it is amuſing enough the manner in which the ordinances ran. Aſſemblies were quite unknown among them: The Czarina was ſatisfied with introducing them, for ſhe found it impoſſible to render them polite. An ordinance was therefore publiſhed according to their notions of breeding; which, as it is a curioſity, and has never before been printed, that we know of, we ſhall give our readers.

"I. The perſon at whoſe houſe the aſſembly is to be kept, ſhall ſignify the ſame by hanging out a bill, or by giving ſome other publick notice, by way of advertiſement, to perſons of both ſexes.

"II. The aſſembly ſhall not be open ſooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor contiuue longer than ten at night.

"III. The maſter of the houſe ſhall not be obliged to meet his gueſts, or conduct them out, or keep them company; but, though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, liquors, and all other neceſſaries that company may aſk for: He is likewiſe to provide them with cards, dice and every neceſſary for gaming.

"IV. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away: It is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

"V. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game, as he pleases; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exceptions at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint bowl full of brandy:) It shall likewise be sufficient, at entering, or retiring, to salute the company.

"VI. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants and tradesmen of note, headworkmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies; as likewise their wives and children.

"VII. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartment designed for the assembly.

"VIII. No ladies are to get drunk upon any pretence whatsoever; nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.

"IX. Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, &c. shall not be riotous: No gentleman shall attempt to force a kiss; and no person shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion."

Such are the statutes upon this occasion, which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire. But politeness must enter every country by degrees; and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown—awkward, but sincere.

ESSAY

ESSAY XXIII.

THE formalities, delays and disappointments that precede a treaty of marriage here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragements for propagating hemp, madder and tobacco, are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meets with none.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here, Love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel amidst gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island; and when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or an union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetick souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove: The match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love—according to act of parliament.

Thus they, who have a fortune, are possessed at least of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those who have none. I am told there

was

was a time when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least among the ministers of the church, or the officers of the army. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over those two professions. But of late, all the little traffick of blushing, ogling, dumpling and smiling, has been forbidden by an act in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs and whispers, is declared utterly contraband, till she arrives in the warm latitude of twenty two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimples and smiles begin to forsake her; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably entrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time, have forsaken her; the captain has changed her for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude to bewail her virginity, and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. The genius is surely now no more. In every region I find enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, jealousy in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among the Tartars, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to oppose his power. The genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is no where to be found: And all that the ladies of each

country

country can produce, are but a few trifling reliques as inſtances of his former reſidence and favor.

"The genius of love," ſays the eaſtern apologue, "had long reſided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every ſound produced tranquillity. His temple at firſt was crowded; but every age leſſoned the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving therefore his altars at length quite deſerted, he was reſolved to remove to ſome more propitious region; and he apprized the fair ſex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to aſſert their right to his preſence among them. In return to this proclamation, embaſſies were ſent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to diſplay the ſuperiority of their claims.

"And, firſt, the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modeſty, either of look, dreſs, or behavior; their eyes were never lifted from the ground: Their robes, of the moſt beautiful ſilk, hid their hands, boſom and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might expreſs looſe deſire, and they ſeemed to ſtudy only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and plucked eyebrows were, however, alleged by the genius againſt them; but he ſet them entirely aſide, when he came to examine their little feet.

"The

"The beauties of Circaſſia next made their appearance. They advanced, hand in hand, ſinging the moſt immodeſt airs, and leading up a dance in the moſt luxurious attitudes. Their dreſs was but half a covering, the neck, the left breaſt, and all the limbs were expoſed to view; which, after ſome time, ſeemed rather to ſatiate than inflame deſire. The lily and the roſe contended in forming their complexions; and a ſoft ſleepineſs of eye added irreſiſtible poignance to their charms; but their beauties were obtruded, not offered to their admirers; they ſeemed to give, rather than receive courtſhip; and the genius of love diſmiſſed them as unworthy his regard, ſince they exchanged the duties of love, and made themſelves not to be purſued, but the purſuing ſex.

"The kingdom of Caſhmire next produced its charming deputies. The happy region ſeemed peculiarly ſequeſtered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one ſide from the ſcorching ſun; and ſea born breezes, on the other, gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almoſt tranſparent, while the crimſon tulip ſeemed to bloſſom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the ſtatuary's power to expreſs; and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almoſt perſuaded to reſide among them, when unfortunately one of the ladies talked of appointing his ſeraglio.

"In

"In this proceſſion the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind: Their charms were found to ſurpaſs whatever the warmeſt imagination could conceive; and ſerved to ſhew, that beauty could be perfect, even with the ſeeming diſadvantage of a brown complexion. But their ſavage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper uſe of their power; and they were rejected, as being incapable of uniting mental with ſenſual ſatisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their ſuits rejected: The black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo: The women of Wida with ſcarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Caffraria! the ſquab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

"The beauties of Europe at laſt appeared: Grace in their ſteps, and ſenſibility ſmiling in every eye. It was the univerſal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the genius ſeemed to lend them his moſt favourable attention. They opened their pretenſions with the utmoſt modeſty; but unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, ſhe happened to let fall the words, Houſe in town, Settlement, and Pin money. Theſe ſeemingly harmleſs terms had inſtantly a ſurpriſing effect: The genius, with ungovernable rage, burſt from amidſt the circle; and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to thoſe ethereal manſions from whence he deſcended.

"The

"The whole assembly was struck with amazement: They now justly apprehended that female power would be no more, since Love had forsaken them. They continued some time thus in a state of torpid despair, when it was proposed by one of the number, that, since the real genius of love had left them, in order to continue their power, they should set up an idol in his stead; and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol of gold was formed, by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the departed genius. The ladies of China furnished the monster with wings; those of Cashmire furnished him with horns; the dames of Europe clapped a purse in his hand; and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to Love are in reality paid to the idol: While as in other false religions, the adoration seems most fervent, where the heart is least sincere."

ESSAY XXIV.

NO observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon

upon in tones of declamation: And the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers. The great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of ſeveral others ſympathizing with their diſtreſs; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: Men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity. But he who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: Whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

While the ſlighteſt inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their ſufferings in all the ſtrains of eloquence, the miſeries of the poor are entirely diſregarded: And yet ſome of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardſhips in one day, than thoſe of a more exalted ſtation ſuffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt of our common ſailors and ſoldiers endure without murmuring or regret, without paſſionately declaiming againſt Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of miſery; and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabuting, complain of their misfortunes and hardſhips, whoſe hardeſt calamity was that of being unable to viſit a certain ſpot of earth, to which they had fooliſhly attached an idea of happineſs! Their diſtreſſes were pleaſures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and ſlept; they had ſlaves to attend them, and were ſure of ſubſiſtence for life; while many of their fellow creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or aſſiſt them, and even without a ſhelter from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon.

I have been led into theſe reflections from accidentally meeting, ſome days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honeſt and induſtrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier (for ſuch he was, though dreſſed in a ſailor's habit) ſcratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory as follows.

"As for my misfortunes, maſter, I cannot pretend to have gone through any more than other folks:

folks: For, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I do not know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself: So I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

"In

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and ſtarved when I could get none: When happening one day to go through a field belonging to a juſtice of peace, I ſpied a hare croſſing the path juſt before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my ſtick at it. Well, What will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the juſtice himſelf met me: He called me a poacher and a villain, and, collaring me, deſired I would give an account of myſelf. I fell upon my knees, begged his Worſhip's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, ſeed and generation: But, though I gave a very good account, the juſtice would not believe a ſyllable I had to ſay; ſo I was indicted at the ſeſſions, found guilty of being poor, and ſent up to London to Newgate, in order to be tranſported as a vagabond.

"People may ſay this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to laſt for ever; ſo I was taken out of priſon after five months, put on board a ſhip, and ſent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent paſſage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of ſweet air; and thoſe that remained were ſickly enough, God knows. When we came on ſhore, we were ſold to the planters,

planters, and I was bound for ſeven years more. As I was no ſcholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I ſerved out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my paſſage home, and glad I was to ſee Old England again, becauſe I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I ſhould be indicted for a vagabond once more; ſo did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for ſome time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then deſired me to ſtand. They belonged to a preſs gang: I was carried before the juſtice, and, as I could give no account of myſelf, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or liſt for a ſoldier. I choſe the latter; and, in this poſt of a gentleman, I ſerved two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breaſt here; but the doctor of our regiment ſoon made me well again.

"When the peace came on, I was diſcharged; and, as I could not work, becauſe my wound was ſometimes troubleſome, I liſted for a landman in the Eaſtindia company's ſervice. I have fought the French in three pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have

any promotion, for I ſoon fell ſick, and ſo got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the preſent war, and I hoped to be ſet on ſhore, and to have the pleaſure of ſpending my money; but the government wanted men, and ſo I was preſſed for a ſailor before ever I could ſet foot on ſhore.

"The boatſwain found me, as he ſaid, an obſtinate fellow: He ſwore he knew that I underſtood my buſineſs well, but that I ſhammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of ſea buſineſs, and he beat me without conſidering what he was about. I had ſtill, however, my forty pounds, and that was ſome comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ſhip was taken by the French, and ſo I loſt all.

"Our crew was carried into Breſt, and many of them died, becauſe they were not uſed to live in a jail: But, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was ſeaſoned. One night, as I was ſleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatſwain, who had a dark lantern in his hand; "Jack," ſays he to me, "Will you knock out the French ſentry's brains?" "I don't care," ſays I, ſtriving to keep myſelf awake, "if I lend a hand." "Then follow me," ſays he, "and I hope we ſhall do buſineſs." So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my mid-

dle

dle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French becauſe they are ſlaves, and wear wooden ſhoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Engliſhman is able to beat five French at any time; ſo we went down to the door, where both the ſentries were poſted, and, ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and ſeizing the firſt boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to ſea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorſet privateer, who were glad of ſo many good hands, and we conſented to run our chance. However, we had not ſo much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty three; ſo to it we went, yard arm and yard arm. The fight laſted for three hours, and I verily believe we ſhould have taken the Frenchman, had we but had ſome more men left behind; but unfortunately, we loſt all our men juſt as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to Breſt: But by good fortune we were retaken by the Viper. I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places; I loſt four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was ſhot off. If I had had the good fortune to have loſt my leg and uſe of my hand on board a king's

ſhip,

ſhip, and not a board a privateer, I ſhould have been entitled to clothing and maintainance during the reſt of my life. But that was not my chance: One man is born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be God, I enjoy good health, and will forever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, Property, and Old England, for ever, huzza!"

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery, ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to diſpiſe it.

ESSAY XXV.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE ORDINARY OF NEWGATE.

MAN is a moſt frail being, incapable of directing his ſteps, unacquainted with what is to happen in this life; and perhaps no man is a more manifeſt inſtance of the truth of this maxim, than Mr. THE. CIBBER, juſt now gone out of the world. Such a variety of turns of fortune, yet ſuch a perſevering uniformity of conduct, appears in all that happened in his ſhort ſpan, that the whole may be looked upon as one regular confuſion: Every action of his life was matter of wonder and ſurpriſe, and his death was an aſtoniſhment.

This gentleman was born of creditable parents, who gave him a very good education, and

a great deal of good learning, ſo that he could read and write before he was ſixteen. However, he early diſcovered an inclination to follow lewd courſes: He refuſed to take the advice of his parents, and purſued the bent of his inclination: He played at cards on ſundays; called himſelf a gentleman; fell out with his mother and laundreſs; and, even in thoſe early days, his father was frequently heard to obſerve, that young THE.—Would be hanged.

As he advanced in years, he grew more fond of pleaſure; would eat an ortolan for dinner, though he begged the guinea that bought it; and was once known to give three pounds for a plate of green peas, which he had collected over night as charity for a friend in diſtreſs: He ran into debt with every body that would truſt him, and none could build a ſconce better than he; ſo, that at laſt, his creditors ſwore with one accord, that THE.—Would be hanged.

But, as getting into debt by a man who had no viſible means but impudence for ſubſiſtance, is a thing that every reader is not acquainted with, I muſt explain this point a little to his ſatisfaction.

There are three ways of getting into debt; firſt, by puſhing a face; as thus. "You, Mr. Luteſtring, ſend me home ſix yards of that paduaſoy, dammee; but, hearkee, don't think I ever intend to pay you for it, dammee." At this, the mercer laughs heartily; cuts off the paduaſoy, and ſends it home; nor is he, till too late, ſurpriſed to find the gentleman had ſaid nothing but truth, and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called fineering; which is, getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser; and, if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them upon his hands.

But the third and best method is called, "Being the good customer." The gentleman first buys some trifle, and pays for it in ready money. He comes a few days after with nothing about him but bankbills, and buys, we will suppose, a sixpenny tweezer case: The bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after, and pay for what he has bought. In this promise he is punctual; and this is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got, at last, the character of a good customer. By this means, he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays for it.

In all this, the young man who is the unhappy subject of our present reflections, was very expert; and could face, fineer, and bring custom to a shop with any man in England. None of his companions could exceed him in this; and his very companions at last said, that THE.—Would be hanged.

As he grew old, he grew never the better. He loved ortolans and green peas, as before: He drank gravy soup when he could get it, and always thought his oysters tasted best when he got them for nothing; or, which was just the same, when he bought them upon tick. Thus, the

the old man kept up the vices of the youth, and what he wanted in power, he made up by inclination; so that all the world thought old THE.—Would be hanged.

And now, reader, I have brought him to his last scene; a scene where, perhaps, my duty should have obliged me to assist. You expect, perhaps, his dying words, and the tender farewel he took of his wife and children: You expect an account of his coffin and white gloves, his pious ejaculation, and the papers he left behind him. In this I cannot indulge your curiosity; for, oh! the misteries of fate, THE.—Was drowned.

"Reader" as Hervey saith, "pause and ponder; and ponder and pause; who knows what thy own end may be?"

ESSAY XXVI.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of friendship. To follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain becomes the source of every inconvenience Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection, and, by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind: They persuade us to friendships, which we find it impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under

proper

proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inacceſſible or uneaſy. It is certain the beſt method to cultivate this virtue, is by letting it, in ſome meaſure, make itſelf: A ſimilitude of minds or ſtudies, and even ſometimes a diverſity of purſuits, will produce all the pleaſures that ariſe from it. The current of tenderneſs widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts filled with good nature for each other, when they were at firſt only in purſuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendſhip is like a debt of honor; the moment it is talked of, it loſes its real name, and aſſumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that thoſe who regularly undertake to cultivate friendſhip, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavors. That circle of beings, which dependance gathers round us, is almoſt ever unfriendly: They ſecretly wiſh the terms of their connections more nearly equal: And, where they even have the moſt virtue, are prepared to reſerve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increaſing the obligations which are laid upon ſuch minds, only increaſes their burden: They feel themſelves unable to repay the immenſity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent reſentment at the hand that is ſtretched out with offers of ſervice and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be brought from riches; and, as he was poſſeſſed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally

naturally formed for virtue, he reſolved to gather a circle of the beſt men round him. Among the number of his dependents was Muſidorus. with a mind juſt as fond of virtue, yet not leſs proud than his patron. His circumſtances, however, were ſuch as forced him to ſtoop to the good offices of his ſuperior; and he ſaw himſelf daily, among a number of others, loaded with benefits and proteſtations of friendſhip.. Theſe, in the uſual courſe of the world, he thought it prudent to accept: But, while he gave his eſteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the moſt trifling inſtances; and Plautinus had ſkill enough to obſerve the minuteſt actions of the man he wiſhed to make his friend. In theſe he even found his aim diſappointed: Muſidorus claimed an exchange of hearts; which Plautinus ſolicited by a variety of claims, could never think of beſtowing.

It may be eaſily ſuppoſed, that the reſerve of our poor proud man was ſoon conſtrued into ingratitude; and ſuch indeed in the common acceptation of the world it was. Wherever Muſidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man: He had excepted favors, it was ſaid, and ſtill had the inſolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, juſtified his conduct. Plautinus, by miſplaced liberality, at length became poor; and it was then that Muſidorus firſt thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with aſſiduity; and, by uniting their

talents,

talents, both were at length placed in that ſtate of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this ſtory, taken from modern life, I ſhall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity.—Two Jewiſh ſoldiers, in the time of Veſpaſian, had made many champaigns together; and a participation of danger at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendſhip might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular part of the Jewiſh malecontents.

From this moment their former love was converted into the moſt inveterate enmity. They attached themſelves to oppoſite factions, and ſought each other's lives in the conflict of adverſe party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable ſpirit of averſion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean ſoldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the temple. Hiſtory has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that ſuperb edifice. The Roman ſoldiers were gathered round it: The whole temple was in flames, and thouſands were ſeen amidſt them, within its ſa-

cred

cred circuit. It was in this ſituation of things, that the now ſucceſsful ſoldier ſaw his former friend upon the battlements of the higheſt tower, looking round with horror, and juſt ready to be conſumed with flames. All his former tenderneſs now returned: He ſaw the man of his boſom juſt going to periſh; and, unable to withſtand the impulſe, he ran ſpreading his arms, and cried out to his friend to leap down from the top, and find ſafety with him. The Centurion from above heard and obeyed; and, caſting himſelf from the top of the tower into his fellow ſoldier's arms, both fell a ſacrifice on the ſpot; one being cruſhed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other daſhed to pieces by the greatneſs of his fall.

ESSAY XXVII.

BOOKS, while they teach us to reſpect the intereſts of others, often make us unmindful of our own: While they inſtruct the youthful reader to graſp at ſocial happineſs, he grows miſerable in detail; and, attentive to univerſal harmony, often forgets that he himſelf has a part to ſuſtain in the concert. I diſlike therefore the philoſopher who diſcribes the inconveniences of life in ſuch pleaſing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of diſtreſs, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniences till he ſeverely feels them.

A youth who has thus ſpent his life among books new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philoſophic information, may be conſidered as a being whoſe mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wiſe; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet, confident of his own ſkill in the direction, he ſets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himſelf at laſt undone.

He firſt has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in exceſs; and he has been long taught to deteſt vice, and love virtue. Warm therefore in attachments, and ſtedfaſt in enmity, he treats every creature as friend or foe; expects, from thoſe he loves, unerring integrity, and conſigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and here begin his diſappointments. Upon a cloſer inſpection of human nature, he perceives that he ſhould have moderated his friendſhip, and ſoftened his ſeverity; for he often finds the excellencies of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue: He finds no character ſo ſanctified that has not its failings; none ſo infamous, but has ſomewhat to attract our eſteem: He beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now, therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards ſhould have been more cool, and his hatred leſs violent; that the truely wiſe ſeldom court romantic friendſhip with the good,

and

and avoid, if poſſible, the reſentment even of the wicked: Every moment gives him freſh inſtances that the bonds of friendſhip are broken if drawn too cloſely, and that thoſe whom he has treated with diſreſpect, more than retaliate the injury: At length therefore he is obliged to confeſs, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to eſpouſe his quarrel.

Our book taught philoſopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and, though poverty be the juſt conſequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is reſolved to meet it without ſhrinking. Philoſophers have deſcribed poverty in moſt charming colours; and even his vanity is touched, in thinking he ſhall ſhow the world, in himſelf, one more example of patience, fortitude and reſignation. "Come, then, O Poverty! for "what is there in thee dreadful to the wiſe! "Temperance, health and frugality, walk in "thy train; cheerfulneſs and liberty are ever "thy companions. Shall any be aſhamed of "thee, of whom Cincinnatus was not aſhamed? "The running brook, the herbs of the field, "can amply ſatisfy Nature: Man wants but lit-"tle, nor that little long. Come then, O Pov-"erty! while kings ſtand by and gaze with "admiration at the true philoſopher's reſigna-"tion."

The goddeſs appears; for Poverty ever comes at thy call. But, alas! he finds her by

no means the charming figure books and his own imagination had painted. As when an eaſtern bride whom her friends and relations had long deſcribed as a model of perfection, pays her firſt viſit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to ſee a face he had never ſeen before, but inſtead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the ſun, he beholds deformity ſhooting icicles to his heart: Such appears Poverty to her new entertainer; all the fabrick of enthuſiaſm is at once demoliſhed, and a thouſand miſeries riſe upon its ruins; while Contempt, with pointing finger, is foremoſt in the hideous proceſſion.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating: He finds, that in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philoſopher in all the majeſty of ſolitude. It might be agreeable enough to play the philoſopher, while we are conſcious that mankind are ſpectators. But what ſignifies wearing the maſk of ſturdy contentment, and mounting the ſtage of reſtraint, when not one creature will aſſiſt at the exhibition? Thus is he forſaken of men, while his fortitude wants the ſatisfaction even of ſelfapplauſe: For, either he does not feel his preſent calamities, and that is natural inſenſibility; or he diſguiſes his feelings, and that is diſſimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man: Not diſtinguiſhing in his reſentment, he regards all mankind with deteſtation; and, commencing manhater

manhater, ſeeks ſolitude, to be at liberty to rail.

It has been ſaid, that he who retires to ſolitude, is either a beaſt or an angel. The cenſure is too ſevere and the praiſe unmerited. The diſcontented being who retires from ſociety, is generally ſome good natured man, who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourſe with mankind.

END OF THE ESSAYS.

POETICAL PIECES.

CONSISTING OF

THE TRAVELLER,
THE DESERTED VILLAGE,
EDWIN AND ANGELINA,

RETALIATION,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

THE TRAVELLER:

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

TO THE

Rev. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and, perhaps, it demands an excuse, thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the laborers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the laborers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgments produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent diversions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Musick come in for a share. And as they offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all favor to themselves, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favor of blank verse and Pindarick odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But

But there is an enemy to this art ſtill more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely diſtorts the judgment, and deſtroys the taſte. A mind capable of reliſhing general beauty, when once infected with this diſeaſe, can only find pleaſure in what contributes to increaſe the diſtemper. Like the tyger that ſeldom deſiſts from purſuing man after having once preyed upon human fleſh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the moſt agreeable feaſt upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire ſome half witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having loſt the character of a wiſe one. Him they dignify with the name of poet; his lampoons are called ſatires; his turbulence is ſaid to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuſe, party, nor blank verſe to ſupport it, I cannot tell, nor am I much ſolicitous to know. My aims are right. Without eſpouſing the cauſe of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavored to ſhow, that there may be equal happineſs in other ſtates, though differently governed from our own; that each ſtate has a particular principle of happineſs; and that this principle, in each ſtate, and in our own in particular, may be carried to a miſchievous exceſs. There are few can judge better than yourſelf, how far theſe poſitions are illuſtrated in this poem.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER:

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanded to the ſkies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where cheerful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair;
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around

Laugh

Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale,
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wand'ring ſpent and care!
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extended wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, Should thankleſs pride repine?
Say, Should the philoſophick mind diſdain
That good, which make each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man!
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetick mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendor crown'd,
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round,
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale,
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary ſtores combine:
Creation's tenant, all the world in mine.

As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:

Thus

Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the ſum of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.
Yet, where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own;
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long night of revelry and eaſe.
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Nor leſs the patriot's boaſt where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country, ever is, at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare;
Though patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind.
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their bleſſings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at Labour's earneſt call;
With food as well the peaſant is ſupply'd
On Idra's cliff as Arno's ſhelvy ſide;
And though the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the bleſſings ſent:
Wealth, ſplendor, honour, liberty, content:
Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt;

Hence every ſtate, to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone;
Each to the favorite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends;
'Till, carried to exceſs in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep; and ſighs at every blaſt.

Far to the right, where Apennine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends:
Her uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mouldering top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the ſcene.

Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal lives that bloſſom but to die;
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.

But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Men ſeem the only growth that dwindles here.
Contracted ſaults through all their manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain:

Though

Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
When Commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate;
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long fall'n column fought the ſkies,
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
But more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other ſhores her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a ſlave.
Yet ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupply'd
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child:
At ſports like theſe, while foreign arms advance,
In paſſive eaſe they leave the world to chance.
When noble aims have ſuffered long control,
They ſink at laſt, or feebly man the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
Amidſt the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.

My

My ſoul, turn from them ; turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſions tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword ;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly ſoothes the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, ev'n here, Content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts though ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed ;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carrols as he goes ;
With patient angle trouls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughſhare to the ſteep ;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays the cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart ;

And

And ev'n those hills that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a babe, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Theſe are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants are few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
Since every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Hence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
'Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow;
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low:
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd their manners run;
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart:
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons, cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm our way,

Theſe far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
We turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe beſide the murmuring Loire!
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harſh touch faltering ſtill,
But mock'ſt all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.

So bright a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay;
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here,
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd; they give, to get eſteem
'Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.

But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought:
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence Oſtentation here, with taudry art,

Paints

Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year:
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelfapplauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies;
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride:
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to go;
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore:
While the pent Ocean, riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And Induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts;
But, view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,
Ev'n Liberty itſelf is barter'd here:
At gold's ſuperiour charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,

And

And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſleep beneath the ſtorm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic ſires of old?
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold?
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the ſound, my genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd Hydaſpes glide,
There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind:
Stern o'er each boſom Reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by,
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd, freſh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardineſs of ſoul
True to imagin'd right, above control;
While ev'n the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bleſt, indeed, were ſuch without alloy,
But, foſter'd ev'n by Freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
The ſelfdependent lordlings ſtand alone,
All kindred claims that ſoften life unknown:
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore;
Whilſt, over wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motion ſtop, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worſt. As ſocial bonds decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talents ſink and merit weeps unknown;
'Till time may come, when ſtript of all her charms,
That land of ſcholars, and that nurſe of arms,
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot claim,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame,
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire!
And thou, fair Freedom taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flower, alike undone
By cold contempt, or favour's feſtering ſun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them to ſecure:
For juſt experience tells in every ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil;
And all that freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each;
Much on the low; the reſt, as rank ſupplies,
Should in Columnar diminution riſe:
While, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.
O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aſpires;
Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own:
When I behold a factious band agree

To

To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home,
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curſe with me that baleful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force.
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore;
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waſte?
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern Depopulation in her train,
And, over fields where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen, at pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild Oſwego ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And Niagara ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſt, and through dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his wo,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,

Caſts

Caſts a fond look where England's glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind:
Why have I ſtray'd from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure!
Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith and conſcience all our own.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion), that the depopulation it deplores, is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions for these four or five years past to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and inquiries, have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry whether the country be depopulating or not: The discussion would take up much room; and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regreting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians

politicians againſt me. For twenty or thirty years paſt, it has been the faſhion to conſider luxury as one of the greateſt national advantages; and all the wiſdom of antiquity in that particular as erroneous. Still, however, I muſt remain a profeſſed ancient on that head, and continue to think thoſe luxuries prejudicial to ſtates, by which ſo many vices are introduced, and ſo many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, ſo much has been poured out, of late, on the other ſide of the queſtion, that, merely for the ſake of novelty and variety, one would ſometimes wiſh to be in the right.

I am, dear Sir,

Your ſincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE.

DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheer the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made:
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And slights of art, and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown

By holding out to tire each other down ;
The ſwain miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The baſhful virgin's ſidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove.
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village ; ſports like theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught even toil to pleaſe :
Theſe round thy bowers their cheerful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms—But all theſe charms are fled.

Sweet ſmiling village, loveliеſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amidſt thy bowers the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green :
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a village ſtints thy ſmiling plain.
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with ſedges, works its weedy way :
Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow ſounding bittern guards its neſt ;
Amidſt thy deſart walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries :
Sunk are thy bowers in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;
For him light Labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more ;
His beſt companions, innocence and health ;
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: Trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land, and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain.
Along the lawn, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp, repoſe;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride,
Thoſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe far departing ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd return'd to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew;
Here, as with doubtful, penſive ſteps I range,
Trace every ſcene and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my ſhare—
I ſtill had hopes, my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bowers to lay me down;
My anxious day to huſband near the cloſe,
And keep life's flame from waſting by repoſe;
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhow my book learn'd ſkill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw:
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt ſhe flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.

O bleſt

O bleſt retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never muſt be mine.
How bleſt is he who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way,
And all his proſpects brightening at the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt;
Sweet was the ſound, when oft at evening's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe:
There, as I paſs'd with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young:
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool:
The watch dog's voice that bay'd the whiſpering wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſoft confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail:
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No buſy ſteps the graſs grown foot way tread,
But all their bloomy flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread.

To

To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shade, and weep till morn:
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place:
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And, ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,

Allur'd,

Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul.
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustick ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace,
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or if severe, in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

The

The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too :
Lands he could meaſure, times and tides preſage,
And even the ſtory ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For, ev'n though vanquiſh'd he could argue ſtill ;
While words of learned length and thundering ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſticks rang'd around :
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.
But paſt is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey bard mirth and ſmiling toil retir'd :
Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendors of that feſtive place :
The white waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door :
The cheſt contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve gold rules, the royal game of gooſe ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;
While broken tea cups, wiſely kept for ſhow,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.
Vain, tranſitory ſplendors ! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering manſion from its fall !
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,

No more the woodman's ballad ſhall prevail;
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his ponderous ſtrength, and learn to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup to paſs it to the reſt.

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts and owns their firſt born ſway;
Lightly they frolick o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmoleſted, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, e'en while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart, diſtruſting, aſks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen who ſurvey
The rich man's joys increaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and a happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting Folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, even beyond the miſer's wiſh abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our uſeful products ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;

His

His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleaſure all,
In barren ſplendor feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd,
But verging to decline, it ſplendors riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe;
While ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And, while he ſinks without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah, where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And even the bare worn common is deny'd.

If to the city ſped—What waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd,
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here while the proud their long drawn pomps diſplay,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare:
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies;
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread;
Ah! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
To torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore,
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake; Where

Where crouching tygers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men, more murderous ſtill than they;
While oft in worlds the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies:
Far diffirent theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd theſts of harmleſs love.

Good heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away!
When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewell, and wiſh'd, in vain,
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep.
The good old ſire, who firſt prepar'd to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſs'd the cot where every pleaſure roſe;
And kiſs'd her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſp'd them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear;
While her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the decent manlineſs of grief.

O LUXURY! Thou curſs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;

'Till

'Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.
E'en now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land;
Down where yon anchoring veſſel ſpreads the ſail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand.
Contented Toil, and hoſpitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderneſs, are there;
And Piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, ſweet Poetry, thou loveliеſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit, in theſe degenerate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride;
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
Thou found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of every virtue, fare thee well:
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow:
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redreſs the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted Truth with thy perſuaſive ſtrain,
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſs'd
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſs'd;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelfdependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

EDWIN

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow:
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go,"

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
For earth born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The grateful stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far shelter'd in a glade obscure,
The modest mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The door just opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when worldly crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetick mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſs'd:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

From better habitations ſpurn'd,
Reluctant doſt thou rove,
Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling, and decay:
And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
More trifling ſtill than they.

And what is friendſhip but a name,
A charm that lulls to ſleep;
A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
The haughty fair one's jeſt,
On earth unſeen, or only found
To warm the turtle's neſt.

For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows hush,
And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid;
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
The baſhful gueſt betray'd.

He ſees unnumber'd beauties riſe,
Expanding to the view;
Like clouds that deck the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

Her looks, her lips her panting breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms;
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

And, "Ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd;
Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heav'n and you reſide.

But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
Whom love has taught to ſtray;
Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds Deſpair
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he:
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

Each morn the gay fantaſtick crowd
With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad;
No wealth nor power had he;
A conſtant heart was all he had,
But that was all to me.

The bloſſom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity diſplay,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the bloſſom on the tree,
With charms inconſtant ſhine:
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their conſtancy was mine.

For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain:
And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till, quite dejected with my ſcorn,
He left me to my pride;
And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
In ſecret, where he dy'd.

But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life ſhall pay;
I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
And ſtretch me where he lay.

And there, forlorn, deſpairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
And ſo for him will I."

"Thou ſhalt not thus," the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to ſee
Thy own, thy long loſt Edwin here,
Reſtor'd to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care reſign:
And ſhall we never, never part,
O thou——my all that's mine?

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love ſo true;
The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE

THE

DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domeſtick ſtrife,
Jack Bookworm liv'd a college life;
A fellowſhip at twenty five
Made him the happieſt man alive;
He drank his glaſs, and crack'd his joke,
And Freſhmen wonder'd as he ſpoke:
Without politeneſs, aim'd at breeding,
And laugh'd at pedantry and reading.
Such pleaſures, unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's ſhaft in length transfix,
Our ſwain arriv'd at thirty ſix?
O had the archer ne'er come down,
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to ſtop
At triumphs in a Fleet ſtreet ſhop!
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
O!——But let exclamation ceaſe,
Her preſence baniſh'd all his peace.
Our alter'd parſon now began
To be a perfect ladies' man;
Made ſonnets, liſps'd his ſermon o'er,
And told the tales he told before.

Of

Of bailiffs pump'd and proctors bit,
At college how he ſhew'd his wit:
And as the fair one ſtill approv'd,
He fell in love—or thought he lov'd;
So with decorum all things carried;
Miſs frown'd, and bluſh'd, and then was—married.

Need we expoſe to vulgar ſight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains cloſe around?
Let it ſuffice, that each had charms;
He claps'd a goddeſs in his arms;
And, though ſhe felt his viſage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey moon like lightning flew,
The ſecond brought its tranſports too,
A third, a fourth was not amiſs;
The fifth was friendſhip mix'd with bliſs:
But when a twelvemonth paſs'd away,
Jack found his goddeſs made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face,
Aroſe from powder, ſhreds, or lace;
But ſtill the worſt remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other art was ſhe,
But dreſſing, patching, repartee;
And, juſt as humour roſe or fell,
By turns a ſlattern, or a belle:
'Tis true ſhe dreſs'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greaſy night caps wrapp'd her head.
Could ſo much beauty condeſcend
To be a dull domeſtick friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency ſo fine a thing?

In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Now tawdry madam kept a bevy,
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack suck'd his pipe and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
She, in her turn, become perplexing,
And found substantial bliss in vexing.
Thus every hour was pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.
Each day, the more her faults were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lips, or points her nose;
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And though her fops are wonderous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.
Thus, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
While each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold on during life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower—
Lo! the small pox, whose horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair,
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.
The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright;
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her pastes and creams,

To ſmooth her ſkin, or hide its ſeams;
Her country beaux and city couſins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'ſquire himſelf was ſeen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.
Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The reſt of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleaſing him alone.
Jack ſoon was dazzled to behold
Her preſent face ſurpaſs the old;
With modeſty her cheeks were dy'd,
Humility diſplaces pride;
For tawdry finery is ſeen
A perſon ever neatly clean:
No more preſuming on her ſway
She learns good nature every day;
Serenely gay, and ſtrict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

I LONG had rack'd my brains to find
A likeneſs for the ſcribbling kind,
The modern ſcribbling kind, who write
In wit, and ſenſe, in nature's ſpite:
Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Took's Pantheon,
I think I met with ſomething there,
To ſuit my purpoſe to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious,
Firſt pleaſe to turn to god Mercurius;
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the ſecond, page the tenth:
The ſtreſs of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our ſimile.

IMPRIMIS, pray obſerve his hat;
Wings upon either ſide——mark that.
Well! What is it from thence we gather?
Why, theſe denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather—very right;
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed,
A juſt compariſon—Proceed.

In the NEXT place, his feet peruſe,
Wings grow again from both his ſhoes;
Deſign'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godſhip through the air:
And here my ſimile unites;
For, in a modern poet's flights,
I'm ſure it may be juſtly ſaid,
His feet are uſeful as his head.

LASTLY,

LASTLY, vouchsafe t'observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake encircled wand;
By classick authors term'd Caducis,
And highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit—most wond'rously endu'd,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporifick virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.
Now to apply, begin we then:
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike they both conduce to sleep.
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goose quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.
And here my simile's almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript;
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! What of that? out with it—stealing;
In which our scribbling bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he;
But ev'n his deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why, what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

RETALIATION.

[*THE title and nature of this Poem, shows that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which, from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some poignant strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even to finish it, in the manner which he intended.*]

OF old when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our *(a)* landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish.
Our *(b)* Dean shall be venison just fresh from the plains;
Our *(c)* Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our *(d)* Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And *(e)* Dick with his pepper shall heighten their favour:
Our

(a) The master of the St. James's coffeehouse, where the Doctor and the friends he hath characterized in this poem, held an occasional club.

(b) Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

(c) Mr. Edward Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

(d) Mr William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

(e) Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Granada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke, is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

Our (*f*) Cumberland's ſweet bread its place ſhall obtain,
And (*g*) Douglas is pudding ſubſtantial and plain:
Our (*h*) Garrick's a ſallad, for in him we ſee
Oil, vinegar, ſugar and ſaltneſs agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That (*i*) Ridge is anchovy, and (*k*) Reynolds is lamb.
That (*l*) Hickey's a capon, and, by the ſame rule,
Magnanimous Goldſmith, a gooſeberry fool:
At a dinner ſo various, at ſuch a repaſt,
Who'd not be a glutton and ſtick to the laſt!
Here waiter, more wine, let me ſit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions ſink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, reunited to earth,
Who mix'd reaſon with pleaſure, and wiſdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At leaſt in ſix weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet ſome have declar'd and it can't be denied 'em,
That ſly boots was curſedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whoſe genius was ſuch,
We ſcarcely can praiſe it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the univerſe, narrow'd his mind,

And

(*f*) *Author of the Weſtindian, Faſhionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatick pieces.*

(*g*) *Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windſor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no leſs diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a citizen of the world, than a ſound critick in detecting ſeveral literary miſtakes, or rather forgeries of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's hiſtory of the Popes.*

(*h*) *David Garrick, Eſq; joint patentee and acting manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*

(*i*) *Counſellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Iriſh bar; the reliſh of whoſe agreeable and pointed converſation is admitted by all his acquaintances, to be very properly compared to the above ſauce.*

(*k*) *Sir Joſhua Reynolds, preſident of the Royal Academy.*

(*l*) *An eminent attorney.*

And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;
Though fraught with all learning, yet ſtraining his throat,
To perſuade *(m)* Tommy Townſend to lend him a vote ;
Who, too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a ſtateſman, too proud for a wit ;
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge diſobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to purſue the *expedient*.
In ſhort 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, ſir,
To eat mutton cold, and to cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honeſt William, whoſe heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
The pupil of impulſe, it forc'd him along,
His conduct ſtill right, with his argument wrong ;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipſy, the chariot drove home !
Would yor aſk for his merits—alas ! he had none,
What was good was ſpontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honeſt Richard, whoſe fate I muſt ſigh at,
Alas, that ſuch frolick ſhould now be ſo quiet !
What ſpirits were his, what wit and what whim
(n) Now breaking a jeſt, and now breaking a limb ;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball.
Now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
In ſhort, ſo-provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wiſh'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick,
But miſſing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wiſh'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;

A

(m) Mr. T. Townſend, member for Whitchurch.

(n) Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having ſlightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor had rallied him on thoſe accidents as a kind of retributive juſtice for breaking his jeſts upon other people.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultleſs, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being ſo fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizzen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies ſo loſt in a crowd
Of virtues and failings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs, alike in their feelings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say was it, that vainly directing his view,
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite ſick of purſuing each troubleſome elf,
He grew lazy at laſt, and drew from himſelf?

Here Douglas retires from toils to relax,
The ſcourge of impoſtors, the terror of quacks,
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the ſpot where your tyrant reclines,
When Satire and Cenſure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your ſafety, I fear'd for my own.
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds ſhall be pious, our Kenricks ſhall lecture;
Macpherſon write bombaſt, and call it a ſtyle;
Our Townſend make ſpeeches and I ſhall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed ſhall croſs over,
No countrymen living their tricks to diſcover:
Detection her taper ſhall quench to a ſpark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, deſcribe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleaſant in man:
As an actor, confeſs'd without rival to ſhine:
As a wit, if not firſt, in the very firſt line.
Yet with talents like theſe, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art:
Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he ſpread,

And

And beplaſtered with rouge his own natural red.
On the ſtage he was natural, ſimple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting:
With no reaſon on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though ſecure of our hearts, yet confoundedly ſick,
If they were not his own by fineſſing and trick:
He caſt off his friends, as a huntſman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whiſtle them back,
Of praiſe a mere glutton, he ſwallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he miſtook it for fame;
'Till the reliſh grown callous, almoſt to diſeaſe,
Who pepper'd the higheſt was ſureſt to pleaſe.
But let us be candid, and ſpeak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys and Woodfalls ſo grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
How did Grubſtreet re-echo the ſhouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roſcius'd and you were beprais'd?
But peace to his ſpirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the ſkies;
Thoſe poets, who owe their beſt fame to his ſkill,
Shall ſtill be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakeſpear, receive him, with praiſe and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a moſt blunt pleaſant creature,
And ſlander itſelf muſt allow him good nature;
He cheriſh'd his friend and he reliſh'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper,
Perhaps you may aſk if the man was a miſer?
I anſwer, no, no, for he always was wiſer,
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worſt foe can't accuſe him of that,
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And ſo was too fooliſhly honeſt?—Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye—
He was, Could he help it? a ſpecial attorney.

Here

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiſer or better behind:
His pencil was ſtriking, reſiſtleſs and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart;
To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſteering,
When they judg'd without ſkill, he was ſtill hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios and ſtuff,
He ſhifted his *(o)* trumpet, and only took ſnuff.

(o) Sir Joſhua Reynolds is ſo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear trumpet in company.

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